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CUTTING THE CANAL OPPOSITE VICKSBURG.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See next Page.]

VICKSBURG.

We reproduce on page 484 a drawing of the City of Vicksburg, Mississippi, which has been bombarded by Commodore Porter's mortar-fleet, and Commodore Farragut's gun-boats and ships of war. The city is thus described:

Vicksburg is the first point at which the rebels commenced the erection of works for blockading the Mississippi, and it is quite fitting that she should be the last stronghold to fall. The Vicksburgians were foremost in the inception of the rebellion, and the vote cast here for the secession of Mississippi was almost unanimous.

The city made prompt and liberal appropriations for putting the city in a condition of defense, and it was solemnly resolved that no boat should be allowed to pass in either direction that should not first acknowledge the supreme power of the Davis confederacy.

The city of Vicksburg is situated on the Walnut Hills, a range of wooded summits about four hundred feet high, and presents a fine appearance when viewed from below. From the tops of these elevations the flat, alluvial country around can be seen for a long distance in every direction, and with its forests of oak and cotton-wood, interspersed with extensive plantations, forms a picture of great panoramic beauty. The main portion of the city lies near the water, and above it the hills are crowned with elegant private residences, or made conspicuous by the high walls of the public buildings. The Court-house, a huge structure of light gray limestone, crowns the summit of one of the hills, and is visible for a long distance up and down the river. The streets rise from the river with an abrupt and difficult ascent, and are cut with a regular grade, through the bluffs and hills, directly to the edge of the levee. The town, when viewed from the opposite bank, appears as if the houses were built upon terraces one above another, and the lower doors of one habitation are oftentimes visible over the roof of the building in its immediate front.

Above and below Vicksburg the hills are crowned with the batteries that the rebels have erected to dispute our advance, the most of them being placed at the lower end of the town, as if the most danger were apprehended from that quarter. One tier of batteries is placed near the top of the bluff and another about half-way from the summit to the water. A single row of water-batteries, mounting in all some twenty guns, is located near the brink of the river, and is probably designed to repel all attacks that might be made at short range. The batteries on the summit of the hill cause our navy men more trouble than those lower down, as none of our guns can be elevated sufficiently to reach them, while their shot, with light charges of powder, can be made to plunge through our decks, and disable whatever boats or vessels come within their reach. The batteries above the town are mainly placed on the upper hills, though one mounting four rifled guns is placed almost at the very water's edge, in position to sweep the river both above and below.

On page 481 we give an illustration of Cutting the Canal, from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. The correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* thus describes the work and its progress:

It is not a canal, but simply a ditch. When we arrived here it had been completed only through that portion of the neck which is inside of the levee, or embankment, to prevent the river's overflow. It was then about fifteen feet wide, and three, or three and a half feet deep. This, it was supposed, was of sufficient depth to allow the water of the river to flow through, but when the levee at each end of it was cut through, it was found to be above the level of the water. The river had fallen some during the process of digging, but not enough to account for so great a shortcoming.

The mountain would not come to Mohammed, and some wiseacre determined to make it come by placing an old stern-wheel boat at the lower side of the entrance to the canal, to work her wheel, and so paddle the water up into it, which succeeded in wetting the bottom of the canal just enough to make it muddy, but no more. This experiment of making water run up hill not proving very successful, it was determined to deepen the ditch. The bottom being, as I said before, about fifteen feet wide, the one half of this bottom, longitudinally, was dug five feet deeper, the entire length of the canal, the earth being thrown up on the other half of the original bottom, and so that a transverse section of the canal would show like this:

By this means a small thread of water, about a foot wide, was decoyed into it, where it remains at present, looking very much bewildered, as though it did not know where to run to. The entire south side of the canal is now composed of loose earth, thrown up from the deepening, and should the river rise sufficient to make a current through the canal, I think this loose earth would be undermined by the current, and coming down would soon fill it up sufficiently to stop the current. The labor of widening the canal would almost be equal to that of digging a new one.

Independent of this, another fact is to be taken into consideration. The course of the Mississippi is deflected by the range of the Walnut Hills, upon which Vicksburg is built. In front of Vicksburg the river is narrower than usual, and consequently deeper. I am told on good authority that it is 200 feet deep for more than a mile above and below the steamboat landing at that place. I have also been informed that soundings were made by the flag-ship *Hartford*, during her passage on the 26th, with over 100 feet of line, without finding bottom, and where the *Hartford* is now anchored, which is above the deepest portion of the bend, and where the river is much wider, and consequently more shallow, I saw the lead cast myself in thirteen fathoms of water. Now, even with a free strong current running through the canal, it certainly must take several months for the river to cut itself a new channel 200 or 300 feet deep, and for the sediment in the mean time to fill up the deep channel in front of Vicksburg, and so "leave it out in the cold." River steamboat men, of whom there are a number here, object to the canal on still another score. They say that all the wonderful cut-offs that have been made in the course of the river have begun at a point where the main current of the river has impinged against the shore of some bend, but the upper end of this canal is unfortunately located in an eddy, the current striking the shore nearly half a mile below. As for the number of contrabands at work on the canal, there are not several thousand, as I see stated in some prints, though the number has been increased lately, and our soldiers, I am glad to see, have been relieved from *digging*, and set to *overseeing* the work. This is as it should be, only that the number of contrabands should be increased, and made to *do something* when they *are* at work. Their present number does not exceed 700, but can easily be doubled or trebled.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 2, 1862.

THE HOPELESSNESS OF THE REBELLION.

Now that the progress of recruiting and the natural elasticity of the American mind have dispelled the gloom which settled on the spirits of the public after the check before Richmond, it may be timely to draw attention to the fact that whatever may occur in Virginia, whatever checks our arms may encounter in the prosecution of the campaign in that State, and whether we take Richmond or no, the fate of the rebellion has been already finally determined, and its collapse is a mere question of time.

General Scott's plan for the overthrow of the great insurrection was to shut up the rebels; to close their ports, hold fast the Potomac and the Ohio, and to leave them to repent at leisure. That eminent soldier and statesman knew that an independent nation could not survive confinement within prescribed limits, and that, after a few months' trial of Japanese fare, the Southerners would be thankful for readmission to the world at any cost.

General M'Clellan improved upon this plan by adding to it the bisection of the Confederacy on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, from Memphis on the Mississippi to Charleston on the Atlantic.

These plans have been measurably carried out. The coast blockade is so perfect that even the British are learning to their cost that it is effective. We hold beyond dispute the line of the Potomac, and further west, we are in force on a line from Cumberland Gap to Memphis—considerably south of the line traced by General Scott. The Mississippi River is so far ours that no craft but our own can navigate it, and no bodies of troops or cargoes of supplies can cross it without permission from our gun-boats. Finally we have prosecuted the work of bisection from Memphis to Decatur, and almost within sight of Chattanooga, which, we trust, will soon be ours likewise.

Let us suppose that we conclude to stop fighting here, and merely to hold what we have got. The "Southern Confederacy" will then resemble a fly under an inverted glass, with the additional comfort of having part of its body under the edge of the glass and severed from the rest. How long can the fly thrive in this agreeable position?

It is proper that we should thoroughly beat the rebel army in Virginia and take Richmond, and both of these things will be done in due time. But if we did neither, the rebel Confederacy would none the less collapse within a given period. Passion, brutalized fury, and the dread of negro equality may for a time sustain the rebels in their present absorbing devotion to the war; but a day must come when every Southerner will realize that there is something better to be done in the world than hopelessly fighting and starving. It might take months, or even a year or two; but at last the absolute necessity of intercourse with the foreign world, and the impossibility of living without industry, trade, civilization, letters, and the comforts and luxuries of life, would overpower the wicked impulses of treason and awaken the South to common sense.

Southern sympathizers lay stress upon the guerrilla raids in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia. These are annoying; but practically they do more harm than good to the rebels. No great cause was ever helped by guerrilla warfare. It injures the non-combatant more than the soldier; women and children more than men. It exasperates the people of the country in which it is carried on. It partakes of the nature of private robbery and murder, and its authors are naturally classed with robbers and murderers. The raids of John Morgan and his compeers are converting the sometime neutrals of Kentucky into violent Northerners: a few more attacks on peaceful villages, a few more attempts to impede the navigation of the Mississippi and Ohio, and every man in that region will be, in spirit, a Parson Brownlow.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

Congress adjourned on 17th, after a session of rather more than seven months, and thus the Cromwell who, according to Mr. Fernando Wood, was to clear the Halls at the point of the bayonet, has missed his opportunity.

There were many foolish speeches made during the session, and some foolish acts or parts of acts passed. Several members were so nearly allied in sympathy to the rebels that they would have been more at home at Richmond than at Washington. And, on the other hand, the majority comprised a few extreme men, whose unpracticable theories and unyielding partisanship have undoubtedly done harm to the national cause.

But, on the whole, the work of Congress has been thorough and wholesome. No Congress since the Revolution has borne so weighty a responsibility; it must be admitted that, in the main, it has been faithfully discharged.

The most important acts of Congress—its fiscal measures—were referred to in our last number. Experience alone can decide upon their merits, but we think they will stand the test. They certainly provide the Government with money to carry on the war, and, if efficiently administered, will secure a revenue which will protect the national credit from disgrace.

Next to these in immediate importance, and superior to them in their ultimate influence upon the destiny of the nation, are the various measures referring to slavery. That institution has been assailed at every point. In the first place, it has been entirely abolished in the District of Columbia. Next, it has been prohibited in the Territories of the United States, present and future. Finally, a resolution of Congress tenders to any State which proposes to abolish slavery an indemnity sufficient to recompense slave-owners for the loss of their slaves. Besides these sweeping enactments, the Senate has ratified a new treaty with Great Britain concerning the slave-trade, by which that iniquitous traffic will at last be thoroughly suppressed. Last of all, our army has been directed to receive within its lines all fugitive slaves, and not to surrender them to their owners; the President has been authorized to employ, in any capacity he chooses, either in the military or naval service, all such fugitive slaves; and the slaves of all open rebels have been declared forfeit, and the President has been directed to set them free. The opponents of slavery—the cause and mainspring of the rebellion—can not complain that Congress has been overindulgent to the institution.

An important complement to the anti-slavery legislation of the last session has been the reorganization of the Supreme Court. Under the late pro-slavery Administrations the Supreme Court was the most reliable instrument of the slaveholders. Their influence at Washington always prevented the North from obtaining a fair representation therein; and when they needed assistance the Supreme Court was always ready to render it—as in the famous Dred Scott case. Congress has remedied this by reapportioning the United States Judicial Districts according to population; giving to the free North six of the nine Justices who will now constitute the Supreme Bench. If any of the anti-slavery measures of Congress are charged with unconstitutionality, they will now obtain a hearing from a tribunal not hopelessly biased against their spirit and their purpose.

Most ample powers have been placed in the hands of the President for the prosecution of the war. There is, practically, no limit to the number of volunteers which he may call into the field, and to the number of vessels of war which he may equip and send to sea; and, besides this, a new Militia Act empowers him, in case of need, to call out the entire militia of the North—amounting, in round numbers, to four millions of men. If, therefore, in future contests with the rebels we should be outnumbered the responsibility will rest upon the President. The new Militia Act will probably have the effect of convincing the few remaining partisans of intervention in Europe that they had better give up the idea.

The Confiscation Act defines the crime of treason against the United States, and pronounces various penalties for those adjudged guilty—from death to a fine. It likewise declares that their movable property and their life-interest in their real estate shall be forfeit to the United States. As the President, however, is empowered to pardon convicts and release the penalties of the Act, it will not probably be very rigorously executed. As soon as the rebel armies are thoroughly beaten a general amnesty—excepting the ringleaders—will be a matter of course.

Other important measures passed at the late session are the Homestead Law and the Pacific Railroad Act. The first will exercise a powerful influence upon the increase of our population, and will have a tendency still further to shift the seat of empire toward the Northwest. The latter will unite us still closer to our Pacific States, and will obviate the risk we now run of being at some time or other obliged to seize the Isthmus of Panama in order to preserve our communication with California. Many years will elapse before the railroad is built. But that it will be built no one who has studied the stupendous railway enterprises of the West can doubt.

Congress did not pass a Bankrupt Bill, which was much desired by merchants; and Mr. Chase's new Banking Law was likewise left over, we think wisely. A new banking system can not well be introduced in time of war. When peace has been restored it will be time enough to reform our banks. We can not say, either, that we regret the failure of the bill to admit the new State of Western Virginia. To say nothing of the constitutional difficulties, it is quite possible that, by the time Congress again meets, the whole of Virginia may be in the Union, and her people may be ready to adopt the Constitution now offered by the western portion of the State.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

There are many who think these are the darkest days of the war. Very well; may we never see any darker! We are as strong as ever, and the rebellion is no stronger. The change is in our perception of its magnitude. It is not a riot, as we half thought—it is a revolution.

There have indeed been plenty of people who said that it was much more formidable than was supposed. When the 75,000 men were called for in April a year ago General Banks, for instance, said that there should have been a summons for 500,000. He thought so, because he had lived with the rebel leaders in Washington, and he knew what manner of men they were. He knew that their plans were profound, and that their programme at that time, when the actual temper of the North was unknown, had a certain promise of success. Fernando Wood thought so, too, when he suggested that the city of New York should secede from the State, and when he insisted that arms should be sent to the South. The 14th of April, 1861, was the darkest day this country will ever know, for all that Sunday it groped in doubt whether it was a country. The consciousness of its own unity and purpose which the next week revealed was the grandest of discoveries—it was the rehearsal of ultimate victory.

Well, neither that consciousness nor that purpose have changed; but the conception of the means necessary to attain that purpose has been enlarged. That is all. We thought at first that the appearance of resolution might do a great deal. Then that the recapture of forts and navy-yards would answer. Then that more ships would settle the matter by blockading the rebels into starvation. Then, after Bull Run, that we must have more men. Then that there might be foreign interference. Then that there must be a policy which struck at the very root and secret of the difficulty. Then came approaches to that policy. The Message of the President; the debates upon confiscation and emancipation; the modification of Hunter's order. Then a general conviction that the rebellion was waning, and that a vigorous blow at Corinth and Richmond would virtually end it. Then came the alarm in the Shenandoah, and at last the delay at Richmond. And then—what? Weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth? Not a bit of it. But a grimmer vow that we would conquer at any cost, and that if in saving our country and its Government we happened to do a great act of justice, we would not cry very bitterly.

If there were any where the least disposition to yield, except among those who have never had any serious conviction either of the necessity or the character of the war, we might truly call the day dark. And if delay, or disaster even, could fatally dispirit us, we ought to submit at once to the degradation and national annihilation which attend compromise and defeat. But if in a war with a foreign power we could show the great results of our arms which the last year shows against the rebellion, what should we think of him who doubted or despaired?

The year has revealed a character in the nation of which it is idle to anticipate any thing but a steadier purpose and a stronger blow until the great work is accomplished.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE BORDER.

There are a great many friends of the President, and loyal supporters of the Government, who are and have been exceedingly troubled by what is called his Border State policy. If the Border men are loyal, these persons have said, let them support the Union at any cost; if they are not, the sooner we are rid of them the better.

The argument is apparently conclusive; but how if they are not wholly loyal but may be made so? How if there are loyal men enough in those States to save them to the Union, provided that the matter is wisely managed? Are those States not worth saving; and if so, must there not be some consideration of their actual position? They are between the two sections. Their prejudices draw them one way, their interests another. Their heads turn Northward, their hearts Southward. Are they not worth saving?

They have been the battle-ground. Do we prefer to have it moved from Virginia into Pennsylvania, from Kentucky into Ohio, from Missouri into the Northwest? With the Border States partly with us our hands have been pretty full; how if they had been unitedly against us? And if we can hold them fast, not by the arms of our soldiers but by the will of their own citizens, have we done nothing toward the final subjugation of the rebellion?

"Oh! then you would sacrifice the country and liberty to the testy whim-whams of the Border States!" No; perhaps not. To beg a question is not to argue it. Nor, because a man may be willing to say thank you for an article, does it follow that he is ready to pay a million of dollars for it. The question is not whether the country is to be given over to the Border States, but, simply, on what honorable common ground can all loyal citizens in all the States stand, and which will secure the adhesion of those States to the Union. If there is no such ground—amen; they must do what seems wisest. If there is, what is wisest for us?

The President thinks there may be such a ground. He thinks that a system of compensated emancipation is the security of the loyalty of the Border States; and if those States will assent, there is no question that the President is right. If Kentucky so strongly, and Tennessee so lightly, lean to us now, for what conceivable reason should they lean to the rebels when their slave system is gone? It is the social sympathy, and common political action, and partial identity of civilization and interest which make them doubtful now. Take those away, and why should they be doubtful any longer?

If they decline, they know the ground that the President and the country will take. The President is reported to have said, "You must fish, cut bait, or go ashore." He will do for them all that can fairly be done. If they want more they must take their chance. And if they call this coercion, the reply is short and clear: "It *is* coercion, to prevent your coercing the country into ruin." It is the business of this nation to coerce all opposition to its unity and existence, just as it is its duty to subjugate the Davis rebels; and if the Border States say there are some measures for the maintenance of the Union to which, although strictly military, they will never consent, the war—will be greatly prolonged.

THE ADJOURNMENT.

Congress has adjourned, and every loyal man ought to be gratified with the work it has done.

It has been a patriotic, faithful, earnest body. The large exceptions of men and measures we can all readily make; but the session is to be judged by its results, and by the general spirit of its deliberations. It has provided for the prosecution of the war with a wise conviction of the real causes and objects of the insurrection. It has worked diligently with the President, in whom the country confides; and with the exception of Mr. Richardson's performance toward the close of the session, and Mr. Mallory's reckless talk, its behavior has been more dignified than that of any Congress we remember.

Its memorable acts of legislation have been the Homestead bill, the Pacific Railroad bill, the Tax bill, the Currency bill, the Prohibition of Slavery in the Territories, Emancipation in the District of Columbia, and the Confiscation bill. In all these measures Congress doubtless had the substantial approval of the great bulk of citizens in the loyal States, for they were all essentially patriotic and not party measures. Many a citizen who, eighteen months ago, would have shaken his head doubtfully at them, now frankly and fully concedes their necessity and importance. Our late history has so plainly exposed the tendency and character of the domination of the Slavery interest in our politics, that men who have had no sympathy with the Republican cause, and still repudiate the Republican party, recognize that the time has come, in the interest of the country and of peace, to limit legally the expansion of the Slave power.

The complaints of this Congress come from gentlemen like Mayor Wightman, of Boston, who think that the business of a physician is not to attack the disease but to cure the patient. How the cure is to be effected without combating the disease the learned magistrate does not inform us. Mr. Vallandigham, also, and Mr. Benjamin Wood take a similar view. In their estimation Congress has winked at the invasion of Constitutional rights, and has deliberately coerced the liberty of American citizens. They are exceedingly troubled that the President of the United States had the temerity to undertake, first the defense, and then the recovery of the national property. They are of opinion that if liberty of discussion had long ago been destroyed in the free States, and a few persons of liberal sentiments had been hung as malefactors, we should have enjoyed the most profound and delightful peace. They are also inclined to believe that their worthy friends and co-laborers, Jefferson Davis and Co., have unhappily made a miscalculation.

These gentlemen think that Congress has woefully degenerated since the days of the late lamented Preston Brooks, and the chivalric Pryor, and the worthy Barksdale, and the manly Wigfall: the days when the Cabinet could boast of a Floyd, a Cobb, a Thompson, a Toucey, and a presiding genius of corresponding virtues in James Buchanan. They think that this Congress has been a nuisance. So does Davis. So do Spratt, Rhett, Keitt, Cobb, Floyd, etc. But the country has differed before with the opinions and conduct of these latter gentry, as well as with those of their friends, Mr. Vallandigham and Mr. Ben Wood. The Congress which dissatisfies them will not displease a loyal and united country.

THE GREAT MEETING.

IT is late to speak of the meeting of citizens who believe in an unflinching prosecution of the war. But the country ought to know that it was as imposing and influential as the sentiment which snmmoned it. Of course it had not the wild excitement of the meeting after the fall of Sumter. No other assemblage of the people could have. But it represented the real force of New York. It showed that the feeling which underlies the war is not only unexhausted, but that it is deepening and strengthening. The speeches were all in one key. The Union must and shall be preserved, cost what it may. And if some of the orators ventured to specify that probable cost more distinctly than others, it was not because there was any doubt in any mind of what that cost might be.

To say that it was a meeting at which General Frémont and Mr. Spinola both spoke, is to say of how various elements it was composed. When Dr. Vinton and Mr. Wallbridge, Mr. William Allen Butler and Mr. Coddington, Mr. Delafield Smith and Judge Daly meet and speak upon the same platform, it is clear enough that there is a central thought and purpose so absorbing and universal that all details of difference of method are swallowed up. There was much practical good sense in Judge Daly's remarks. He said that it was too late to consider the cause of the war, or to distribute the responsibility of refusing compromise when compromise was possible, for we were now engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle for our life. Either the rebellion must conquer or the Government must, and no right-minded man could hesitate which to choose. He showed that any thing short of the absolute victory of the Government would be an abortive result.

But then the orator suddenly said something that must have made a thoughtful listener wonder. Why, he asked, shall we not require of the Government to leave questions upon which we differ among ourselves and attend exclusively to saving the country? He meant why not leave off thinking of *the* question. Simply because when you are considering how to save the nation you can no more avoid the relation of slavery to the war than when you are trying to save a burning house you can help thinking how to throw most water upon it. The paramount question at this moment is the national safety. Consequently every method of securing that safety must be considered. To say that we will shirk the question of the help or harm that the system of slavery may do the rebels or the Government, is as idle as to say that we will shirk the question of the relative value of different guns. Every means of weakening the rebels and of subduing the rebellion is the very question of the hour.

The moral of the meeting was that of every thing that is now seen or heard—namely, that the comprehension of the extent of the insurrection is more accurate than ever before, and the resolution to conquer it is universal and unflagging.

THE QUESTION.

THERE are some who yet say with Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, that if twenty millions of loyal citizens can not conquer six millions of rebels with their four millions of slaves, they had better relinquish at once the effort to save the country.

Many who think so are loyal Union men, but they have not fully and fairly considered the subject. For if this question were asked of them, whether, instead of sacrificing the lives of the choicest of our youth and spending lavishly in every way, it would not be better to suppress this insurrection entirely by black soldiers, leaving us in the loyal States quite unaffected except by the expense, they would probably allow that it might be desirable.

But the argument of numbers is only specious. If the six millions are united with a desperate subordination of every consideration to the success of the insurrection; if they draft and coerce every man into some kind of use; if every thing is planted, and tilled, and manufactured with a sole regard to the triumph of the rebellion; and every inhabitant of the region lives to fight, and feels that he fights to live; then, unless the twenty millions are animated by the same absorbing resolution, and work and fight with the same desperate unanimity, there is no reason why the smaller number should not prevail.

But what is a sure sign of that resolution upon the part of the stronger in numbers? The use of every lawful means of warfare. And when the larger number is conscious that the struggle is a death-grapple, they will not hesitate to use every means. No man is earnest in a fight so long as he does not use every lawful advantage.

And what is or can be our object in this war but the speediest restoration of the supreme authority of the nation? Do we wish to prolong it? Is there any reason why it would not have been better that it had ended ten months or a year ago? It did not, simply because we had misconceived the extent and intensity of the conspiracy. But is there any reason why it should drag on for a year or two years more? It will not if we truly comprehend the exigency. Then will any one say why every means should not at once be employed that it may be crushed? For the employment of all means will prove our earnestness, while the failure to use them will indicate languor of purpose.

If a man is fastidious as to the color, or height, or weight of the soldiers who fight and conquer the rebels, he is a ludicrous and hopeless patriot. Was not the exploit of Robert Smalls as heroic as any incident in the war? Would you have sent him and the steamer back again? Was it humiliating to be helped by a man who did not belong to the twenty millions? If there were ten thousand Robert Smalls, ought we to reject their aid because they are neither of the pure Saxon nor the pure Celtic races? These are questions that we must soberly answer; and our reply will show how true is our conception of the great contest we are waging.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irish soldier once waited on his commanding officer with what he termed a very serious complaint: "Another man," he said, "had upbraided him that he was not married to his own wife, whom he accused of being no better than she should be, and called her many bad names besides, which he should be ashamed to mention to his Honor." "Well, my good fellow," said the Colonel, "have you any proof that you are legally married?" "Faith, your Honor, I have the best proof in the world," he replied. Here he took off his hat, or rather cap, and exhibited a broken head, saying, "Does your Honor think I'd be after taking that same abuse from any body but a wife?"

GOOD LOGIC.—"I don't believe it's any use to vaccinate for small-pox," said a backwoods Kentuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated, and in less than a week after he fell out of a window and was killed."

THE OLDEST HUSBANDRY.—Somebody says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in weeds.

There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate. Her keen teeth are very near to her sweet lips.

An old Jew, who sold exclusively for cash, said that he did it for the benefit of his neighbors. He did not wish to see them "deep in debt mit him, ven dey ish got no monish to pay mit."

The old lady who mended her husband's trowsers with a patch of grass is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster.

GREAT "SALVE" CERTIFICATE.—Dear Doctor,—I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when stirred with a lever. But a year ago last Thursday I heard of the granicular sirup. I bought a bottle, smelled the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen double somersaults without stopping.

"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy. "I don't know, Sir." "What does your father get on Saturday night?" "Get!" said the boy; "why he gets as tight as a brick!"

A temperance editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in one of the inner pages of his paper, says, "For the effects of intemperance see our inside!"

ROUGH MUSIC.—The Hull girls all sing. A friend lately from there says they sang themselves to sleep at night, and he never heard any thing like it since he was benighted in a swamp in the Fens.

A newspaper, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung-hole of a barrel."

A person who has no address shouldn't undertake to address audiences.

TURNIPS.—"What a nice lot of turnips you have got!" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones—the latter's children's noses being all turn-ups!

An Irish gentleman, on reading the late accounts of stealing children, observed, with great concern, that if this practice became general it would put an end to the rising generation.

What is larger for being cut at both ends? A ditch.

A citizen of Bath has taken a fancy to the head of a dog that howls in his vicinity, and offers a guinea for a sight of the head minus the body.

Spare the rod, and you'll have no fish for dinner.

A witty dentist having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with the felicitous apology—"The fact is, madam, it seems impossible for any thing bad to come out of your mouth."

A man found guilty of a felony at the Central Criminal Court the other day, entreated the court to "deal leniently with him, and give him a short imprisonment, as he was particularly anxious to see the Great Exhibition."

Cat and rat may rhyme, but they never agree.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, July 15, in the Senate, the Naval Committee reported a resolution, which was adopted, relinquishing all right and title of the United States in Stevens's floating battery to the heirs of Robert L. Stevens. A bill was introduced amending the Articles of War, by providing that army officers shall furnish protection to slaves entering the Union lines, and also that if loyal citizens lose property by this order they shall be compensated. The bill relative to calling out the militia was then taken up, and Senator Sherman's amendment, limiting emancipation to those who enter the military service of the United States and to the slaves of rebels, was adopted by a vote of 18 against 17. Senator Browning offered an amendment, which was adopted, declaring that the mother, wife, and children of negroes entering the military service shall be freed only when they belong to rebels. After some debate the bill was passed by a vote of 28 against 9. The Senate concurred in the House resolution postponing the final adjournment of Congress till Thursday, in accordance with a wish of the President. Bills making appropriations for civil expenses, imposing a tax of one cent per pound on domestic sugar, and granting pensions to masters of gun-boats, were passed.——In the House, Mr. Benjamin Wood, of New York, offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report forthwith on the matter of said Wood's alleged misconduct. Objection was made, and the resolution laid over. At the request of the President the House agreed to extend the session till Thursday. The bill requiring shipmasters trading to foreign ports and persons prosecuting claims at the departments to take the oath of allegiance was passed. A bill explanatory of the fifth section of the Confiscation act, so that its operation may not be retroactive, was passed, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, July 16, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back the bill for raising a volunteer force for the better defense of the State of Kentucky, and asked to be discharged from its further consideration. Some discussion ensued, and the bill was laid aside informally. The House resolution, explanatory of the fifth section of the Confiscation act, so that its operation may not be retroactive, was then taken up. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, moved an amendment, that no punishment under the bill shall work the forfeiture of real estate beyond the natural life of the person accused. He also offered another amendment, authorizing the President to restore any property confiscated under the bill if he thinks it necessary. After debate both amendments were adopted by a vote of 25 to 15, and the resolution was also adopted.——In the House, the Select Committee on Gradual Emancipation reported a bill, in accordance with the President's recommendation, providing compensation to the Border Slave States whenever either or all of those States shall emancipate their slaves. The whole amount to be paid shall not exceed one hundred and eighty millions of dollars. Twenty millions are also appropriated for colonizing the negroes. The bill was ordered to be printed and referred to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, offered a resolution empowering the President to call out a million additional troops, to serve for one year, but the House refused to suspend the rules, and the proposition lies over. The bill providing for the admission of West Virginia into the Union was postponed till December next. The bill authorizing the colonization of captured Africans in the West Indies was passed. The bill authorizing the President to call out the militia for a period not exceeding nine months, and the employment of negroes in the military service, was also passed. The House resolution explanatory of the fifth section of the Confiscation act, with the Senate's amendments thereto, was then taken up, the amendments agreed to, and the resolution adopted. The Senate propositions relative to the Tax bill were agreed to, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, July 17, the first session of the Thirty-seventh Congress closed at two o'clock, P.M. The only subject of general importance acted on in either House was the passage of a bill, which was immediately signed by the President, making postage and other government stamps receivable for all dues of less than five dollars, and forbidding the issue of shinplasters, under a heavy penalty. The President sent in a special message, announcing his approval of the Confiscation bill and the explanatory resolution supplemental thereto, together with a message giving his objections to the bill as it stood before the adoption of the resolution referred to.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The latest news from General M'Clellan's army announces that every thing is quiet, and the health of the troops gradually improving. Our soldiers who were taken prisoners in the late battles are being released on parole.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

General Pope has taken possession of the town of Gordonsville, Virginia, without opposition, and has destroyed all the railroad works at that point. As the greater portion of the supplies for the rebel army at Richmond passed through this place, which is the junction of the Orange, Alexandria, and Virginia Central Railroad, this feat of General Pope's is of considerable importance. He is also said to have occupied Charlottesville. The General has issued an order to the effect that the army is hereafter to subsist upon the country in which their operations are carried on, and that for the provisions so appropriated vouchers will be given to the owners thereof, payable at the conclusion of the war, provided that the parties can prove themselves loyal citizens of the United States. Another order of General Pope holds the people residing within a certain distance of the railroads responsible for the damage done by guerrillas or other parties of marauders, and compelling such residents to repair the damages so done, and furthermore declaring that all persons detected in destroying railroads or telegraph lines shall be shot. No such acts, he says, can influence the result of the war, and they can only lead to heavy affliction for the people who practice them.

BRILLIANT CAVALRY RAID.

General Pope dispatches to the War Department that a brilliant cavalry attack, under command of General King, from his command, was made from Fredericksburg, on the 9th inst., upon the Virginia Central Railroad, at Beaver Dam Creek, with the greatest success. They destroyed the railroad and the telegraph line for several miles, burned up the dépôt, which contained forty thousand rounds of ammunition, one hundred barrels of flour, and much other valuable property, and brought in a captain in charge as a prisoner. It appears that the whole country was thrown into a great state of alarm by this movement. General Pope passes the highest encomiums upon the officers and men engaged.

GENERAL HALLECK IN WASHINGTON.

General Halleck has been recalled from his military post in the West, and rumor states that he has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States.

THE ARMIES OF THE WEST.

Our forces south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi are distributed substantially as follows: Buell's army—the army of the Ohio—is east of Corinth, guarding the Memphis and Charleston Road as far as the neighborhood of Chattanooga. The army of the Mississippi—Pope's old command—is on the Mobile and Ohio Road, stretching south as far as Brownville. The army of the Tennessee (Grant's) is on the Memphis and Charleston Road east of Corinth, and that part of the Mobile and Ohio which is in Tennessee. It will be thus seen that the great force lately under command of Halleck is broken up into squads and scattered over a line more than 200 miles in extent. It is probable that events now transpiring will cause its constituent parts to be again aggregated for offensive operations.

GENERAL CURTIS'S COMMAND.

The advance of General Curtis's command reached Helena, on the Mississippi, on 12th inst., the main army being only a few hours behind it. The rebels are trying to keep up their spirits by circulating a report that General Hindman has captured General Curtis with all his army.

ANOTHER REBEL IRON-CLAD AFLOAT.

CAIRO, *July* 21, 1862.

The dispatch boat, which arrived at Memphis on Saturday, brings the following:

The reported escape of the rebel plated battery *Arkansas* is correct. The affair took place on the morning of the 15th. That morning, in consequence of reports brought by refugees that the *Arkansas* was about to attempt to run the Union fleet, the gun-boats *Carondelet* and *Tyler* and ram *Lancaster* started up the Yazoo to reconnoitre. When eight miles from the mouth they came suddenly upon the *Arkansas*, lying under the bank.

As our boats rounded the bend she opened upon them with 68-pounders. Our gun-boats returned the fire, and for a short time a fierce engagement ensued. Finding that the channel of the river prevented successful manœuvring, they gradually dropped downward toward the mouth. The *Arkansas* followed closely. Just as the latter was passing over the bar, the *Carondelet* closed with her, intending to board. She succeeded in throwing a grapple aboard and getting out a plank, when the *Arkansas* opened her steam-pipe, throwing hot water across the plank. The *Carondelet* replied in the same manner.

While thus engaged both vessels grounded, and the shock separated them. The *Arkansas* succeeded in getting off, and the *Carondelet* remained fast for nearly an hour. The *Arkansas* immediately passed down the river, the *Tyler* preceding her, and maintaining a running fight with her greatly superior adversary.

None of our gun-boats with the fleet had steam up and the entire fleet was so scattered that few could fire at the *Arkansas* as she passed without danger of hitting our own boats. As she approached, such boats as could safely do so opened upon her, but her plating resisted most of the shots. A solid shot from Farragut's gun-boat, No. 6, struck her larboard bow, passing through and under her plating, ripping it off for a considerable distance. What further damage was done is not ascertained.

The injuries to our fleet are light. The *Benton* received a shot near the edge of the after-part of the larboard side, killing one man. The *Tyler*, which engaged the *Arkansas* nearly an hour and a half, had seven killed and nine wounded. Among the latter were the pilots, Messrs. Sebastian and Hiner, and Engineer Davis. The ram *Lancaster* received a shot under her boilers, causing an escape of hot water, scalding six men, three of them fatally.

The entire Union loss is twelve killed and fifteen wounded, five or six of whom will die. The rebel loss is not known, but believed to be considerable, as the hot water streams of the *Carondelet*, at the time they attempted to board, were thrown directly into her.

GUERRILLAS IN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE.

The guerrillas have evacuated Murfreesboro, Tennessee, carrying with them the officers of the regiments which surrendered. Prompt measures have been taken to prevent further outrages. General Nelson arrived at Nashville on Thursday, with heavy reinforcements, and assumed command there. He will make short work of the marauders in that vicinity. At Lexington, Kentucky, General Green Clay Smith is in command of the National forces, and there is every prospect that he will soon put a stop to Morgan's operations both in marauding and recruiting. The last act of the guerrillas was the occupation of the town of Henderson, Kentucky, on the Mississippi River, below Louisville. They do not appear to have done much damage there, however. Quarter-master-General Wright, by order of the Governor of Ohio, has issued a call for thirty days' volunteers, to operate against Morgan in Kentucky. The National forces raised in and around Cincinnati have, by order of the Government, been placed under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Burbank, of the Thirteenth Infantry, who has taken measures to give efficiency to the military organizations. We learn from Nashville that Colonel Owen, of the Sixty-ninth Indiana, surprised and cut to pieces five hundred guerrillas above Burksville, Kentucky, about eleven o'clock on Saturday night.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

Negotiations were commenced on the 17th, between General Dix and the rebel General Hill, with a view to a general exchange of prisoners. The negotiations were not concluded on that day, but were renewed on the 18th, when the rebel General Lee was present. The interviews between General Dix and General Hill are understood to have been highly satisfactory. Some of our wounded men, who were taken prisoners in the recent battles, have already been released on parole and are on their way North.

UNION MEETING IN NEW YORK.

A mass meeting was held on 15th, in Union Square, in behalf of the Union, and in support of the Government in its efforts to suppress rebellion. It was one of the largest, and, in many respects, the most impressive popular assemblage ever gathered together in this metropolis—not alone in point of numbers, but in enthusiasm, singleness of purpose, and earnestness in the cause for which it was called.

Similar war meetings have been held in almost every city of the North.

NEW BOUNTY FOR VOLUNTEERS.

A private enlisting in this State, under the new call for volunteers, if the war should close within twelve months, would receive, besides his regular rations and clothing, the following amount of money:

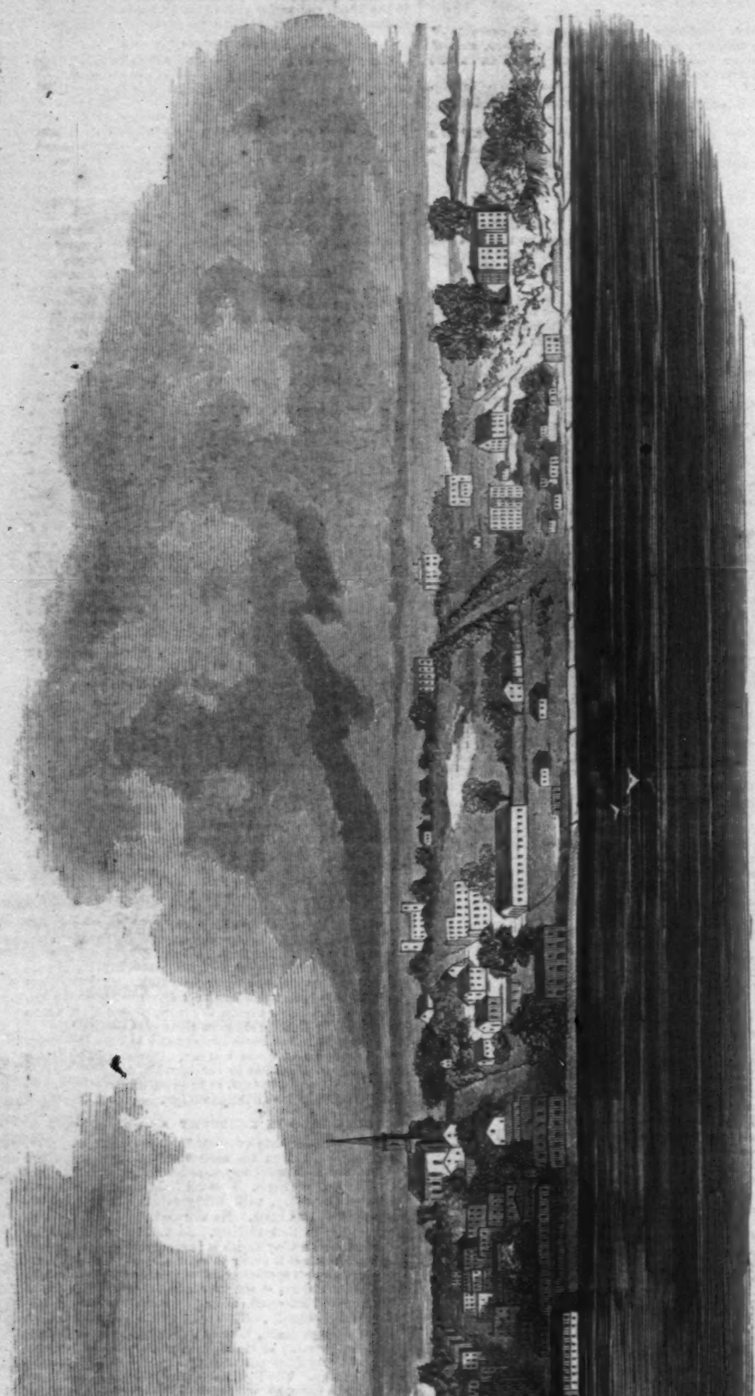
State bounty	$50
Government advance bounty	27
One month advance pay	13
Pay per year	156
Government bounty at close of war	75
Total	$321
Rations $9 per month—one year	108
Clothing about	90
Total one year's pay	$449

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON THE RICHMOND BATTLES.

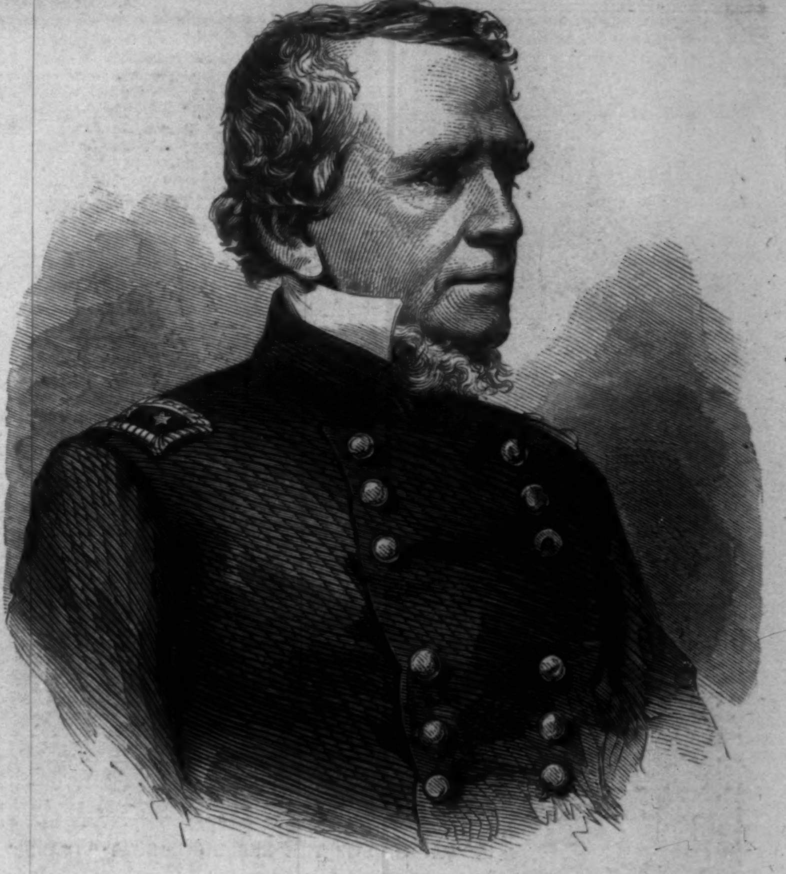
THE English press is engaged in commenting on the war news from this country. The papers speak of three days' fighting before Richmond, and are unanimous in the opinion that the Union army under General M'Clellan sustained a "severe reverse," and that his position was "precarious." The London *Herald*, organ of the aristocrats, says that the campaign is not ended, but will be prolonged until "Europe stays the uplifted swords." Some of the journals hope that a reconciliation may be effected, but the general opinion was that the siege of Richmond would be recommenced. The London *Times* thinks that the result of the fighting proves that the rebel army may maintain itself in Virginia for a period which may be indefinitely prolonged.



THE CITY OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 482.]

THE CITY OF HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.—Sketched by an Officer of General Mitchell's Army.—[See Page 485.]

THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND.—AYRES'S ARTILLERY (SMITH'S DIVISION) KEEPING THE REBELS IN CHECK AT WHITE OAK SWAMP.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 486.]



MAJOR-GENERAL DIX, U.S.A.—[See Page 490.]

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

On page 484 we give a view of Huntsville, Alabama, from a sketch sent us by an officer serving in General Mitchell's army. Huntsville was taken by General Mitchell some three months ago. It is a pretty town, the capital of Madison County; has a court-house, bank, quite a number of churches, and nearly 3000 inhabitants. It stands ten miles north of the Tennessee. General Mitchell swooped down upon it one fine morning at daybreak, when the rebels hadn't an idea of his approach, frightening the people of the neighborhood so terribly that they haven't recovered since.

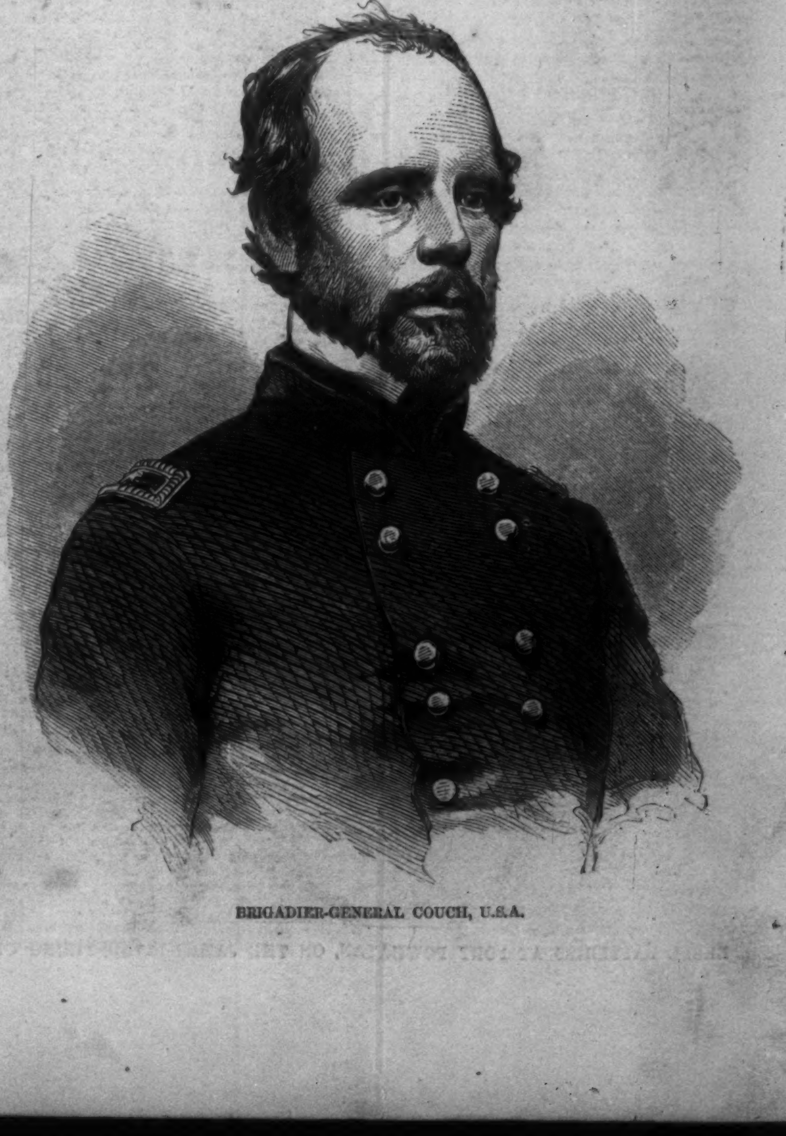
The following extract from a letter from Huntsville shows that there are good men there among the natives:

I this morning conversed with Judge George W. Lane, a resident of Huntsville, who is a Union man of the most enduring stripe. From the time of the secession of the State he has kept the "old flag" flying from his house-top, in defiance of the threats of the secessionists to tear it down. He warned them that the person who undertook the task must be a bold man, and that in the accomplishment of his task he must look well to his safety. He is a man of influence, yet passing through the fiery ordeal of those troubled months tried him as though he passed through a burning furnace. He came through safely at last, and when General Mitchell suddenly entered the town, to the great wonder of the inhabitants, he found that old flag still waving, as if in welcome to his men. He requested that it be presented to him as a memento, and he still has it in his possession.

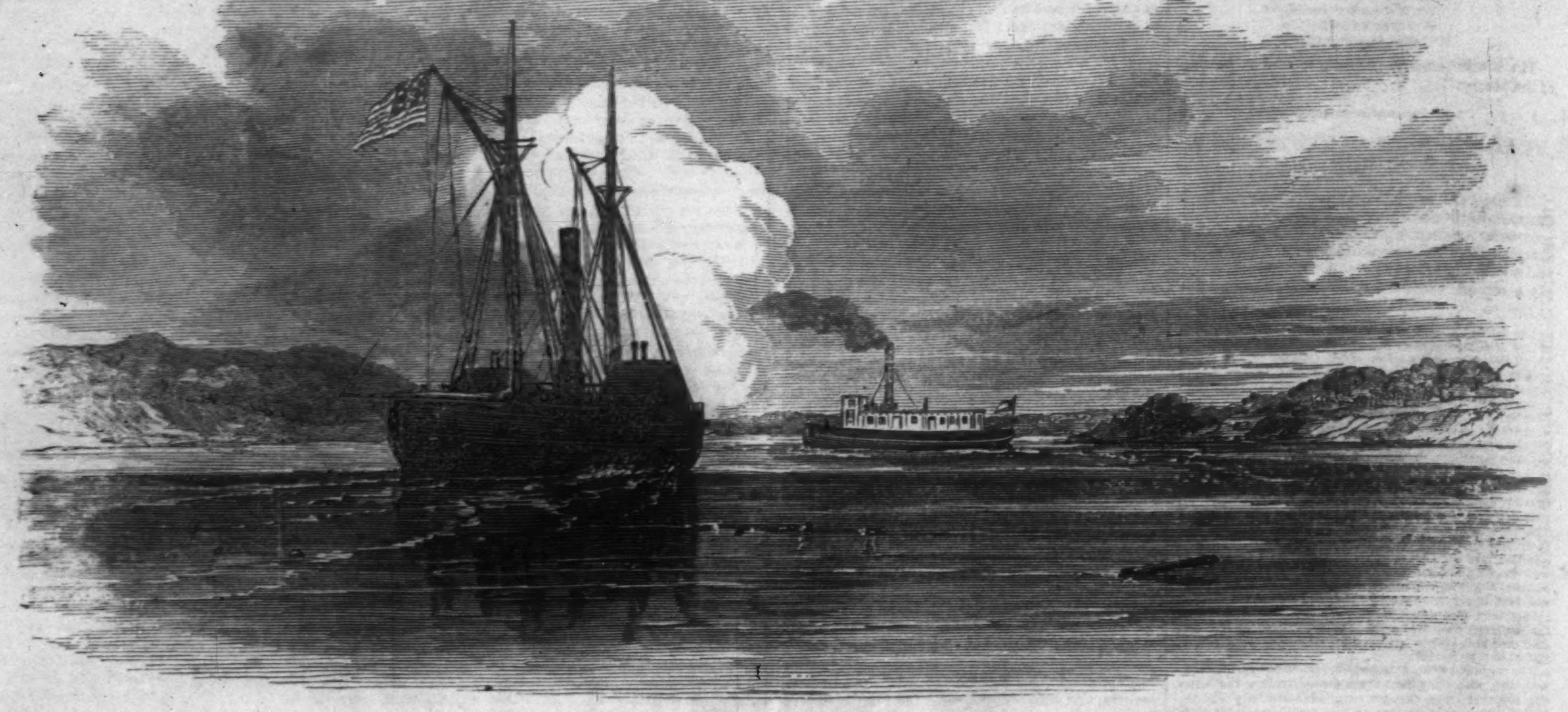
The Judge is a valuable man to our forces in this vicinity, from his extensive acquaintance and consequent knowledge as to the opinions entertained by the citizens here who wish to obtain favors from the officers having charge of the post.

GENERAL COUCH.

General Darius N. Couch, whose portrait we publish on this page, is now in command of a division in Fitz-John Porter's corps of the Army of the Potomac, and one of the best and bravest officers we have. He was born in New York about the year 1826, entered West Point in 1842, graduated in the artillery in 1846, and went with his regiment (the Second Artillery) to Mexico. At the battle of Buena Vista he was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct. At the close of the war Lieutenant Couch resigned his rank in the army and settled in Massachusetts. At the outbreak of the rebellion he joined the Volunteers, and left Boston at the head of a well-appointed regiment. In May, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In all the battles on the Peninsula General Couch has proved himself a gallant and able soldier.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL COUCH, U.S.A.



CAPTURE OF THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "TEASER" IN THE JAMES RIVER.—[Sketched by a Correspondent.]

ON THE JAMES RIVER.

We publish on this page an illustration of the Capture of the Rebel Gun-boat "Teaser," in the James River, from a sketch by an occasional correspondent. We give below an illustration of the Rebels firing on the Transport "Daniel Webster," off Fort Powhatan, from a sketch by Acting-Master James F. Anderson, U.S.N. The *Herald* correspondent thus recounts the capture of the *Teaser*:

The rebel gun-boat *Teaser* came down from Richmond to reconnoitre, and had a balloon on board, made of old silk frocks. This she intended to inflate and send up to view our camps at Harrison's Landing. The *Maratanza* being at the time on picket duty, came upon the *Teaser* suddenly as both vessels were turning a sharp curve in the river. Of course the *Maratanza* opened fire on the little rebel, and by a few well-directed shots forced her to surrender. One of the *Maratanza's* 100-pounder rifle-shells exploded directly under the boilers of the *Teaser*, and came within an ace of blowing her up. Fortunately it did not.

Acting-Master Anderson thus describes his sketch:

"Fort Powhatan is about 75 miles up the James River, situated upon an eminence of 60 feet above the level of the river, the channel at this place being only 300 yards wide. Owing to the vigilance of our gun-boats the rebels have been unable to mount any guns on it.

"The drawing will show the sudden raids they frequently make, and the desperation with which they fight.

"The *Daniel Webster*, under a full head of steam, succeeded in running the gauntlet, with much damage done to the boat; but fortunately only one person was hurt—the pilot being slightly wounded in the hand.

"The attack was so sudden that before the gun-boat could bring her guns to bear the enemy had swept our decks fore and aft. Having a raking position, they for a while had it all their own way. Fortunately they had too much elevation to their guns, or our loss of life would have been very large; as it was, no one was hurt, although our rigging was cut to pieces, and two or three shots struck us on the quarter. After we got into position we shelled them to their hearts' content, and in a very short time drove them at the double-quick. All vessels now go up and down under convoy. We (the *Sebago*) remain to take care of the fort, and I hardly think we will again be troubled in this quarter."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We continue in this number our series of pictures of the Army of the Potomac. On pages 488 and 489 we give two illustrations, one representing the Arrival of General M'Clellan upon the Bank of the James River on Sunday, June 29; and the other, a General View of Harrison's Landing, showing the transports landing supplies. The former is from a sketch by our artist, Mr. Mead; the latter from a sketch by an officer in the James River flotilla, who has frequently obliged us by similar favors. A newspaper correspondent, describing the arrival of the Army after five days' fighting upon the border of the James, said:

When an aid of General M'Clellan rode back and reported that the way was all open to James River a thrill of relief ran through the whole line, and the sight of the green fields skirting its banks was indeed an oasis in the terrible desert of suspense and apprehension through which they had passed. The teams were now put upon a lively trot in order to relieve the pressure upon that portion still in the rear.

General M'Clellan and Staff rode ahead and took possession of the old estate known as Malvern Hills, owned by B. F. Dew, one mile back from "Turkey Island Bend." It is a large, old-fashioned estate, originally built by the French, and has near it, in front, an old earth work constructed by General Washington during the Revolutionary war. It has a spacious yard shaded by venerable elms and other trees. A fine view of the river can be had from this elevated position. General M'Clellan expressed the opinion that with a brief time to prepare the position could be held against any force the enemy can bring against us.

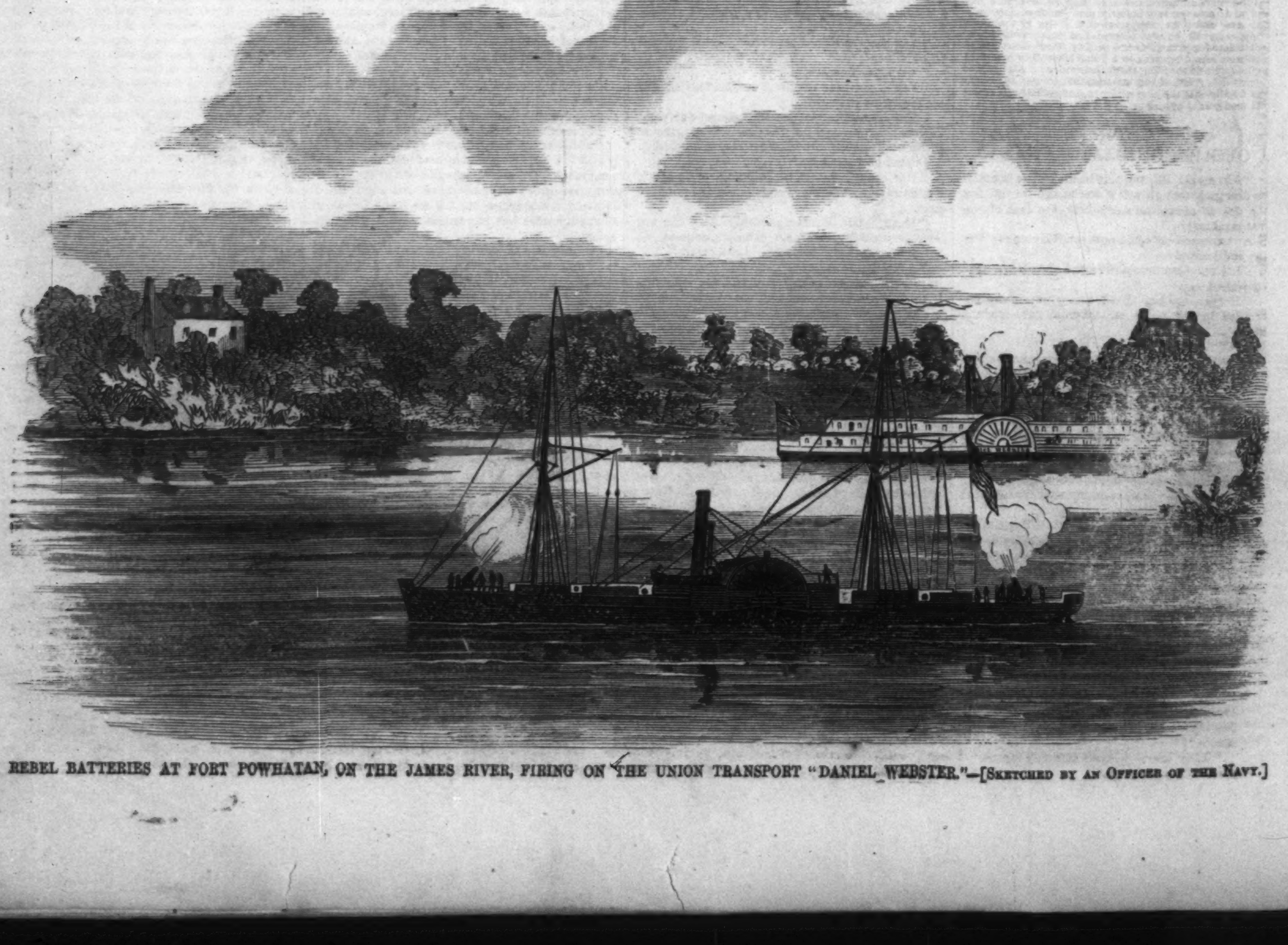
Exhausted by long watching and fatigue, and covered thickly with the dust of the road over which we had passed, many of the officers threw themselves upon the shady and grassy lawn to rest. The soldiers also, attracted by the shady trees, surrounded the house or biv[illegible]acked in the fields near by.

General M'Clellan immediately addres[illegible] himself to the task of preparing dispatches for the Gov[illegible]ment.

The transports were already the[illegible] unloading tons of supplies and fixed ammunition. There are now not less than 600 transports and gun-boats in the river, a large portion of which are at or near Harrison's Landing.

On page 485 we reproduce a sketch by Mr. Waud, representing the Artillery of Smith's Division, under the Command of Captain Ayres, holding the Enemy in Check at the White Oak Swamp. This was one of the severest struggles in the contest before Richmond, and Ayres lost a gun. A detailed account of the fight has already appeared in our columns.

On page 492 we illustrate a camp scene from a



REBEL BATTERIES AT FORT POWHATAN, ON THE JAMES RIVER, FIRING ON THE UNION TRANSPORT "DANIEL WEBSTER."—[Sketched by an Officer of the Navy.]

sketch by Mr. Mead. It represents the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac singing their favorite song, "M'Clellan is our Man!" Our artist gives us one verse as a sample brick. It runs:

"M'Clellan is our man,
M'Clellan is our man,
We'll show our deeds,
Where'er he leads,
M'Clellan is our man!"

The sentiment is sound, whatever may be said of the poetry.

FLAG-PRESENTATION AT NEW ORLEANS.

ON page 493 we give an illustration of the PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE THIRTEENTH CONNECTICUT REGIMENT BY LOYAL LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS. This interesting event—whose political significance will be readily appreciated—took place on 4th July. The *Herald* correspondent says:

The feature of the day, however, was the presentation of one of the most beautiful flags I have ever seen to the Thirteenth Connecticut Regiment, Colonel H. W. Birge, by two very pretty and loyal young ladies, Mademoiselles Angela Snyder and Lucena Courcelle. To show the appreciation of such praiseworthy conduct on the part of two New Orleans ladies, it was determined to make the affair worthy of the object and the day; consequently General Butler consented to be present with his staff and review the regiment. At six o'clock in the afternoon the General, in full dress uniform, and accompanied by his staff, left his house, and, followed by the Second Massachusetts cavalry, under Lieutenant S. A. Perkins, commanding, rode down to the Custom-house, and thence to the levee. The Fifteenth Connecticut, with the young ladies and their flag following in a carriage, marched from their quarters through several streets to the levee, where they were drawn up in line near Canal Street. The First Maine battery, Captain Thompson, was stationed a little below, and fired a national salute. The General and staff then rode to the centre and saluted the American flag, while the regiment presented arms. After this the General and staff rode in review along the line, while the band played "Hail to the Chief!"

The regiment then marched in review before the General, and, after they were again formed in line, the ladies alighted from the carriage, and Mademoiselle Snyder, taking the beautiful color in her hand, presented it to Colonel Birge, remarking that she intrusted the flag to the gallant men of his command, assured that they would never allow it to be dishonored, adding that her prayers and those of her cousin—Mademoiselle Courcelle—should ever be offered for the success and victory of the Thirteenth Connecticut Regiment. Colonel Birge answered eloquently and with deep feeling, thanking the ladies for their superb gift and complimenting them for their loyalty, which, through all the trials and temptations to which they had been subjected in the midst of treason, they had preserved pure and bright and warm within their faithful hearts. He added that their handsome present should be placed beside the regimental flags, and promised for his command that it should never be torn from their hands or disgraced so long as their stout arms could defend it. Handing it to a color sergeant, it was placed beside the Stars and Stripes and saluted by the regiment. General Butler then rode up to the young ladies, and, in a few words, thanked and complimented them for their courage and generosity. The whole affair passed off very pleasantly. There was nothing to mar the satisfaction, and a large crowd was collected to witness the ceremony.

The regiment looked splendidly, and in their marching and the manual of arms acquitted themselves in a manner that one of our "crack" militia regiments needn't have been ashamed of. This regiment is composed of a fine class of men. Added to this, they are handsomely uniformed and equipped, and from this circumstance they derive a commendable pride that evinces itself not only in their fine appearance, but in their correct deportment and earnest effort to improve in every soldierly quality. Colonel Birge and his officers have reason to be proud of their fine regiment.

The flag presented is of heavy, plain blue silk, doubled, and on each side are thirty-four large silver stars. It is bordered by a heavy silver fringe, with silver cord and tassels. In the centre are the words "Union," "Thirteenth Connecticut Regiment," "New Orleans, 1862." The staff is surmounted by a splendid spear of solid silver.

Mademoiselles Snyder and Courcelle are cousins, and are both French natives or creoles of New Orleans. Throughout the war their devotion to the Union has never wavered, and their courage is peculiarly manifest from their conduct ever since the occupation of this city by the Union army. It will be remembered that these same young ladies dared to come forward in May, when thousands of men were afraid to speak to a Union officer, and presented a guide color to the Thirteenth Connecticut. All honor to them! They are of the material that infuses new vigor and fidelity into the hearts of men, and elevates the moral and manly tone of society.

OUR SECOND LIEUTENANT.

"AFTER all, Burnet, this bachelor life is not to be despised, though a few weeks ago we did feel the dearth of woman's kindness, the lack of woman's tears."

An expressively contemptuous "Humph!" was the Indian reply.

I felt very communicative or I should not have continued.

"Burnet, my boy, I came very near being entangled in the noose matrimonial once upon a time."

"Ah!"

"Yes, the bait was tempting, nearly as successful as our trout flies this morning. Methinks I see the glittering vision yet; the orbs of blue cerulean, the maze of *maizen* hair: will that do, think you? But the voice, Burnet—the soft, sweet voice—falling musically and fatally as the water of a cascade in which some nymph of deadly beauty dwells."

"Those clouds promise more rain; we shall have a freshet if the weather does not change soon."

I was not to be checked in my vein of sentiment by his quiet coolness.

"Her face was fair with easy, wreathing smiles; but oh, her head! Blanche had a Cleopatra head."

"Blanche, what Blanche?" was asked so suddenly that I gazed at my friend in surprise. His dark, stern face showed feeling as well as curiosity, but I had now the chance to be serenely indifferent.

"No matter; 'a rose by any other name,' etc."

He succumbed at once, and puffed again at his cigar.

"Burnet," I asked again, willing to be conversational in spite of his moodiness—"be candid, do you believe those *Sœurs de Charité* down at N—— Hospital would have dressed our wounds with half the tenderness had they not known we were unmarried?"

"They knew no such thing, Winslow. I was married ten years ago."

It was my turn to ask how, when, and where, for my surprise was genuine.

We two were in the same regiment—though I outranked Burnet, a man of character and refinement worth half our officers, though only a second lieutenant—both of us were wounded in the same engagement, and having struck up a cordial friendship during our camp life, had concluded to spend our furloughs together in recruiting health and strength among the mountains of Pennsylvania. I had never known Burnet before, and knew none of his antecedents; but the man's face and bearing stamped him a gentleman, while I daily discovered the ring of the true metal in his tastes and opinions. His physiognomy was striking, very broad and strong, expressive of much energy and resolution; only once had I seen him act apparently from impulse, and that under rather singular circumstances. It was at the close of a hard day's fighting: I had been wounded in the arm but had returned to the field, and was close beside Burnet just as a rebel officer fell near us. We both rushed toward him, and as we did so he opened his eyes, and faintly murmured something, "Water," or "Quarter," I don't know which. For a moment Burnet looked at him—oh, what a look! His face was blackened and grimed with powder and smoke; his forehead only gleamed white from over his flashing, angry eyes as he looked at the rebel, who seemed fascinated by the fearful glare, and gazed back again with undaunted defiance; suddenly the defiance changed to veritable fear—craven, mortal terror overspread his pallid countenance. It was all in a moment. I glanced at Burnet, he raised his rifle and aimed a certain, steady charge at the rebel's breast. Horror-stricken myself at such inhumanity, I dashed his weapon down with a quick blow, saying:

"Would you kill a fallen man, Burnet!"

"Thank God!" he said, in a deep, relieved voice, growing pale beneath the grimness of his dusky face. At that moment leaden hail dropped desperately near us. *Burnet was wounded by the same bullet which finished his rebel foe.* The man died instantly, and still Burnet, with the blood dripping from his wound, gazed with a fearful intensity at the dead man. I had to urge him away. We had never since spoken of this occurrence, though I had often imagined Burnet about to explain; but his mood would change, and other matters drove it from my mind. That the impulse was a horrible one my quickness in preventing its action and Burnet's sincere expression of relief were most natural evidences.

Excitement and illness had followed, and we both were much absorbed in the usual trivialities of invalid life—such a fearful bore to strong, healthy men, until the prospect of a few days' trouting reinvigorated our muscles of endurance.

"So I have been holding up the charms of bachelorhood to the sarcasm of a man blessed with a wife?" I resumed.

"No, Winslow, not a man blessed but *cursed* with a wife."

His tone was too keenly bitter for more of my nonsense. Looking at his face, now working painfully, mirth would have been like that in Scripture, spoken of as the crackling of thorns.

"The woman you described just now would have answered the common idea of my wife; her name, too, was Blanche."

"Blanche Mayo?" I asked.

"The same; where have you seen her?" he asked, still with that pained repression of excitement in his voice, though it was nearly tremulous.

"I saw her years ago. She was then very young, exquisitely beautiful, the belle of her clique—a very worldly one by-the-way, but not worldlier than Blanche's mother—Miss Mayo's mother," I corrected myself.

"Yes, she was indeed beautiful. What did you think of her?"

"Shall I be honest?"

"Yes, I can bear it now;" and he half shaded his eyes from the light.

"She seemed to me one who needed every influence that strength of character could give to shield her from the effects of flattery and folly."

I found he waited for more, so I went on:

"Her beauty was of the winning, weak kind; irresistible to some men, even when tempting to sin."

"Hush!" said Burnet, suddenly. "I can not bear even now to hear her calmly discussed. I will tell you all in a moment. Let us walk."

We strolled toward the swollen river, noted for its picturesque beauty and attracting tourists yearly to its banks. Its wildness lent a lively beauty to the neighboring woodland; but in the spring it often became a source of alarm to the village adjacent, and freshets, though of seldom occurrence, were known to have caused much loss of life and property. Rain had fallen all day since our attempts at fishing, and only then had ceased for a while, as was apparent from the driving, ragged clouds. After a long silence, during which I studiously avoided Burnet's face, he began again speaking.

"I have wanted to explain matters to you for some time, Winslow, but I have found it such hard work that I have been obliged to refrain. Some wounds go deeper than these," he said, tapping his lame shoulder—"deeper and deadlier, and they never seem to heal, but fester on till one's life would seem to be exhausted by them."

I linked my arm in his with silent sympathy, and he continued:

"You remember how you saved me from a murderer's conscience, Winslow? I fear I am none the less a murderer in God's sight for it; but it was so wonderful a chance for the avenging spirit I had cherished, demon that it was. Shall I tell you the thoughts which sprang into my heart just then? It seemed to me that fate at last was propitious—the very man of all others most deserving his death-blow was lying there awaiting it from just the hand that ought to give it by all the world's decree. I forgot that he was wounded and at my mercy; I forgot every thing except his damnable sin and my revenge; I forgot even the beautiful face which he had robbed me of, the being whose purity he had made impure. I should have killed him, Winslow, as you would have killed a cur whose rabid bite has poisoned the well-springs of a life more sacred to you than your own.

"I do not hesitate to call this *murder*. Once I might have veiled the truth in smoother terms; but misery and despair led me to the only refuge wretched men ever find—the religion of Christ; which indeed I thought I possessed until that moment on the battle-field, when the old longing for revenge broke out anew, putting to shame all Christian charity and forgiveness, breaking down the barriers with which they had sought to shield my unhappy soul. Common manliness in the face of that wounded man should have stopped me. Measure his sin by my sin, and you can then understand my provocation. Understand? No, that you can not.

"The last night I saw my wife was one very different from this sombre, sullen evening. There had been rain, but the sunset streamed gold and crimson, the crimson of ripe fruit, and the gold of molten ore, under the long purple curtain of the vanishing storm clouds. The night seemed unequaled in beauty, clear starlight, and I sauntered out on the grounds to escape the throng of dancers filling the rooms. It was very warm, and I heard Blanche called often away to little Ned, our child, who was fretful and almost ill. Poor little Ned was often ailing, and in the way of his mother's amusements; he was not the link of two lives made spiritually one. Blanche feared me. I married her for her beauty—loving her as I could not help doing, but impatient with the fruits of her false education; annoyed by her girlish frivolity and giddy friends; and, above all, that Blanche only made a toy of her little baby, just as she would have done of any other pretty gift. But that night—I know not if she were conscious of the brink her white feet were treading—she seemed tenderer both to me and little Ned.

"We had differed once that day, but had let the slight cause pass without more than an impatient word or two, which yet jarred on my memory, and I thought if I could steal a smile or loving tone from her it would quite banish the remembrance; but I did not care to meet the people in my house, so I clambered up to the piazza outside my bedroom. Just as I peered through the blinds the baby cried again, and Blanche came in tossing down some roses impatiently, and with a sudden jealousy bidding the nurse leave the room. At this little Ned cried louder, till, with a child's fitfulness, he spied the diamond glittering in his mother's ear; then he paused, and I think I never saw a lovelier picture.

"Blanche, in her airy dress of white lace so beautifully blending with the delicate fairness of her skin and silken bands of hair, seated in the shaded light, which subdued material things to a spiritual beauty, in the sanctity of her child's innocence, looked to me angelic. I did not care to disturb her dreams, and little did I imagine the hideous temptation then assailing her. Her graceful attitude as she bent a little toward the child in its simple night-gown gave her a listening look, as if some one were whispering sweet words in her ear. The devil himself must have been then urging her to wrong, for suddenly she nearly rose, the baby slipped from her lap. 'Love him? oh, indeed I do!' she murmured; then clasping her hands over her eyes, she shuddered violently. People on the verge of drowning rehearse every action of their lives, and so I am sure it must have been with Blanche that night, hovering, as she was, near the whirlpool of ruin; for when she raised her hands her eyes had that far-off look, as if they had been gazing over the past. I, stupidly ignorant of her danger, dared not intrude at that moment, for she had thought herself alone.

"The next day she was gone.

"I could have more easily forgiven her had she taken poor little Ned; but leaving him seemed even worse than leaving me."

Burnet's voice broke once or twice in the course of his conversation, but here it gave out completely. I felt his arm tremble near me, and I could comprehend, from the agitation of his strong nature, how great must have been his anguish. I said not a word, leaving silence to do for us in sympathy what was impossible to convey in language.

Already it was raining again—dashing coldly in our faces and dripping from the fresh spring foliage. I could not justly blame myself for reviving Burnet's misfortune, yet I was provoked that my idle words had been provocative of so much that was painful.

We parted for the night soon after; and I knew, from the return pressure of his hand, that he felt and appreciated the sincerity of my feeling for him. The storm was raging when I blew out my candle, and great blasts of wind swept down the valley with immense force.

At midnight a thundering crash awoke me; the sullen roar of water and wind chiming in nearly hushed the voices which screamed, "The bridge is gone! the bridge is gone!"

I dressed hastily and went to Burnet's door; he had not been in bed, and willingly joined me in the desire to see how great was the injury or danger. People were flocking away from the river-side with their household gods. Several houses were swept away by the rapidly-rising river, and the freshet promised to realize the worst fears. At one cottage the inmates were fairly turned out with only the clothing they could hastily collect, and from vague remarks we gathered there was still a person in it who could not escape. Burnet no sooner heard this than he determined to find out the truth for himself. It was with difficulty that we obtained a boat; still more dangerous was it to pilot it through logs, trees, and the mass of débris accumulated by the swollen torrent. We reached the house, however, and forced our way through the upper windows. It was a little cottage, and though I held a lantern before Burnet he could scarcely find out whether or not there was a living person in it; certainly, had they taken refuge in the lower portion of the cottage, they must have been drowned before we arrived there.

"Hark!" said Burnet, listening.

"It is only the hoarse noise of the water," I replied.

"No, it was lower than that."

"The wind through the keyholes."

"No, it was a voice; surely I heard it."

We pushed on, stumbling over furniture, bruising ourselves, heroically indifferent to our own fate.

We came to a little room where the door stood ajar. I held the lantern up, and its pale light gleamed on the dress of a woman kneeling at the bedside. She did not move, but buried her head down farther out of sight; but that streaming silken hair and Cleopatra head were not to be mistaken. Burnet halted one moment; the next he seized her in his arms and sprang for the window.

We had forgotten to fasten our boat!

The waves dashed in angry violence against the sill of the window; a furious gust blew out my lantern. "Save yourselves!" said Blanche, in that same sweet, soft voice of old, steady as if there were no danger. Burnet answered, and the quiet tone of his wife's voice changed to a stifled exclamation—half a scream. She now knew in whose arms she was held.

"Oh, Horace!" she cried, "do not save me. I want to die! I have longed for death! In mercy let me go, and save yourself!"

"Not while God gives me strength to do otherwise," he replied.

"It is cruel to me—to yourself! I have prayed—yes, I have dared to pray for death!"

"Come, Winslow, we can wait no longer; we must swim," said Burnet, preparing, as I supposed, to go, though I could not see him. It was a perilous thing to do, for the darkness was impenetrable, and the river must have been strewn with the remnants of the broken bridge. We both struck out, I striving to guide myself near him, for I feared his lame shoulder would find itself too heavily taxed. But in the noise and danger we became separated; for a long while I battled the furious current, finding my own strength momentarily diminishing, and I can hardly now remember how I reached the shore. Daylight was just dawning, and a little crowd of anxious, frightened people stood near the bank where Burnet had, with immense strength, brought his wife. But no longer his wife; for, pale and prostrate as a storm-crushed blossom, Blanche lay dead in his arms. She must have been too exhausted to have been able to keep her head above water; or else, perhaps, was struck by some floating fragment.

I never heard how she happened to be in that cottage, or even in the village, and could only assign it to a strange coincidence.

How beautiful she was! the marble purity of her brow shaded by the long silken tresses of pale golden color, the blue eyes hidden, their false light faded; the soft, sweet voice, which had charmed alas! to destruction, hushed forever.

Burnet allowed no one to touch her. Tenderly he carried her in his arms, as if she had been only a sleeping child. Almost a Divine forgiveness—certainly a noble forgetfulness of his cruel wrong—pervaded his actions, and the love which life had slighted death accepted.

"I shall take her home, Winslow," was all he said as we parted; for my furlough was out, and I had to return to the regiment.

Four weeks after we were again side by side stemming a more furious tide, battling a deadlier freshet—the stream of human blood running crimson from warm hearts. Burnet's thin face glowed with heroic beauty; self and sorrow, life and its bitterness, became a dream; with all the ardor that battle inspires he encouraged the men to more determined assaults, more victorious efforts, than any other man in the field. But I missed him suddenly, and as the roar of artillery ceased, and the retreating enemy gave us time to attend to our wounded, I sought each prostrate figure with more and more painful eagerness. Near a fallen tree I found him, ghastly pale, but smiling as if no wound were powerful to hurt him, and I doubt if any physical pain could have done so. I held him in my arms till the surgeon came; but he could do nothing. Life was going.

"Poor Blanche!" he whispered. "I had forgiven *her;* I had *tried* to forgive him. This war was my avenger, it is my friend now. No; He is giving me rest—He who only knew my weariness. Winslow, under God you saved me from the crime of murder. It was a fearful temptation. I have prayed for forgiveness. Stand by the old flag, Winslow! If all goes against us, still stand fast! Good-by!"

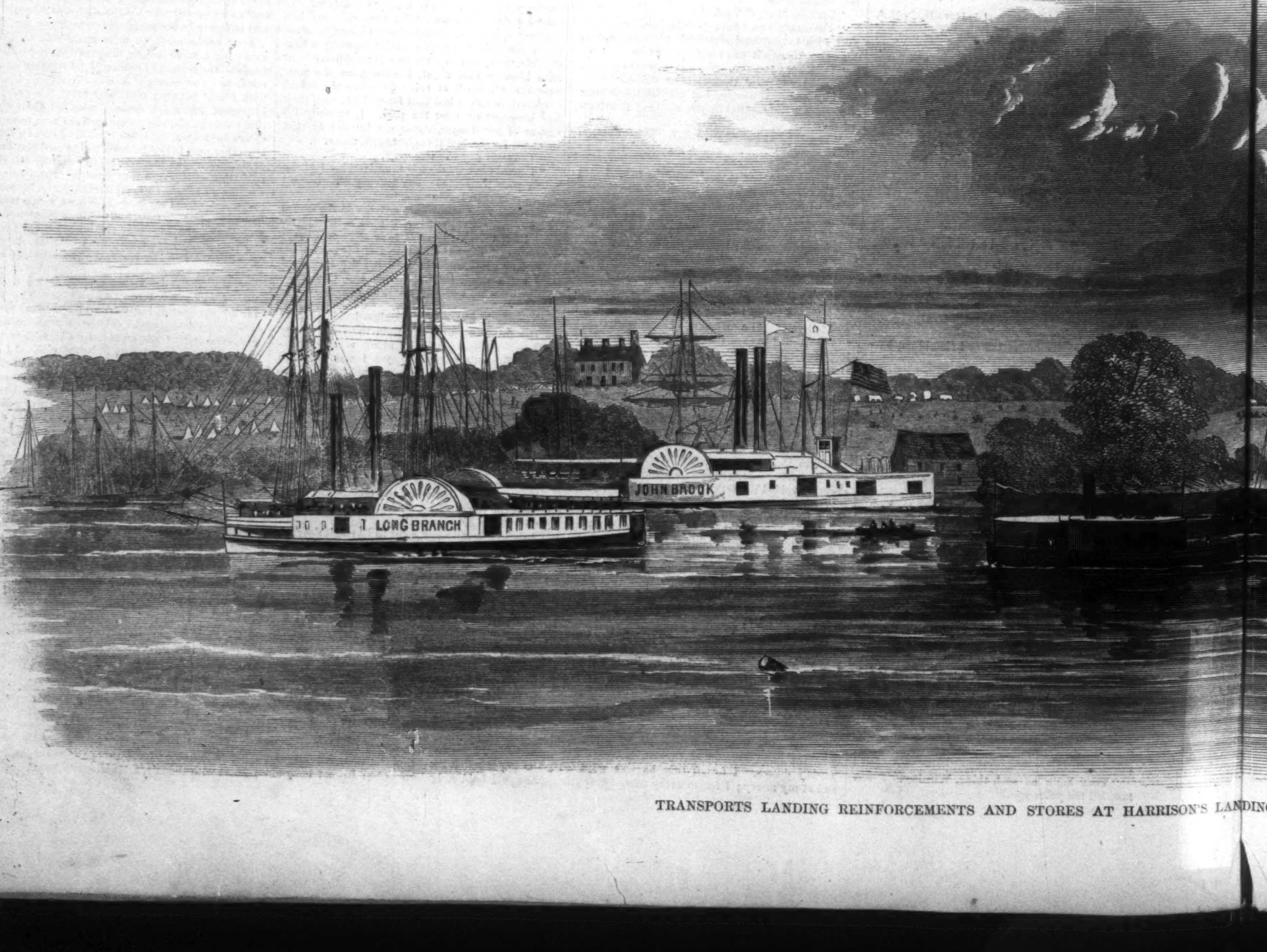
The setting sun was tinging the spikes of willow-leaves with gold; the meadows all along the road were white with daisies; and a brooding stillness, like the "peace which passeth all understanding," hushed to quietness even insect songs, till the sudden wail of a trumpet and a muffled drum-beat from our little *cortège* woke the echoes.

As I listened to the retreating music after we had laid our friend at rest, I could not but think of the three souls so lately summoned to the bar of God—the two guilty, remorseful wretches, and the victim of their crime—to be judged by the perfect law of love which thinks and speaks no evil; and I wondered over that fatal gift of beauty which had worked such ruin. As I turned to go I saw another head-stone of white marble, so low and near the ground that the vines had nearly hidden it—a bush full of white rose-buds blowing their fragrance in the face of death. On the stone was simply cut—"LITTLE NED."

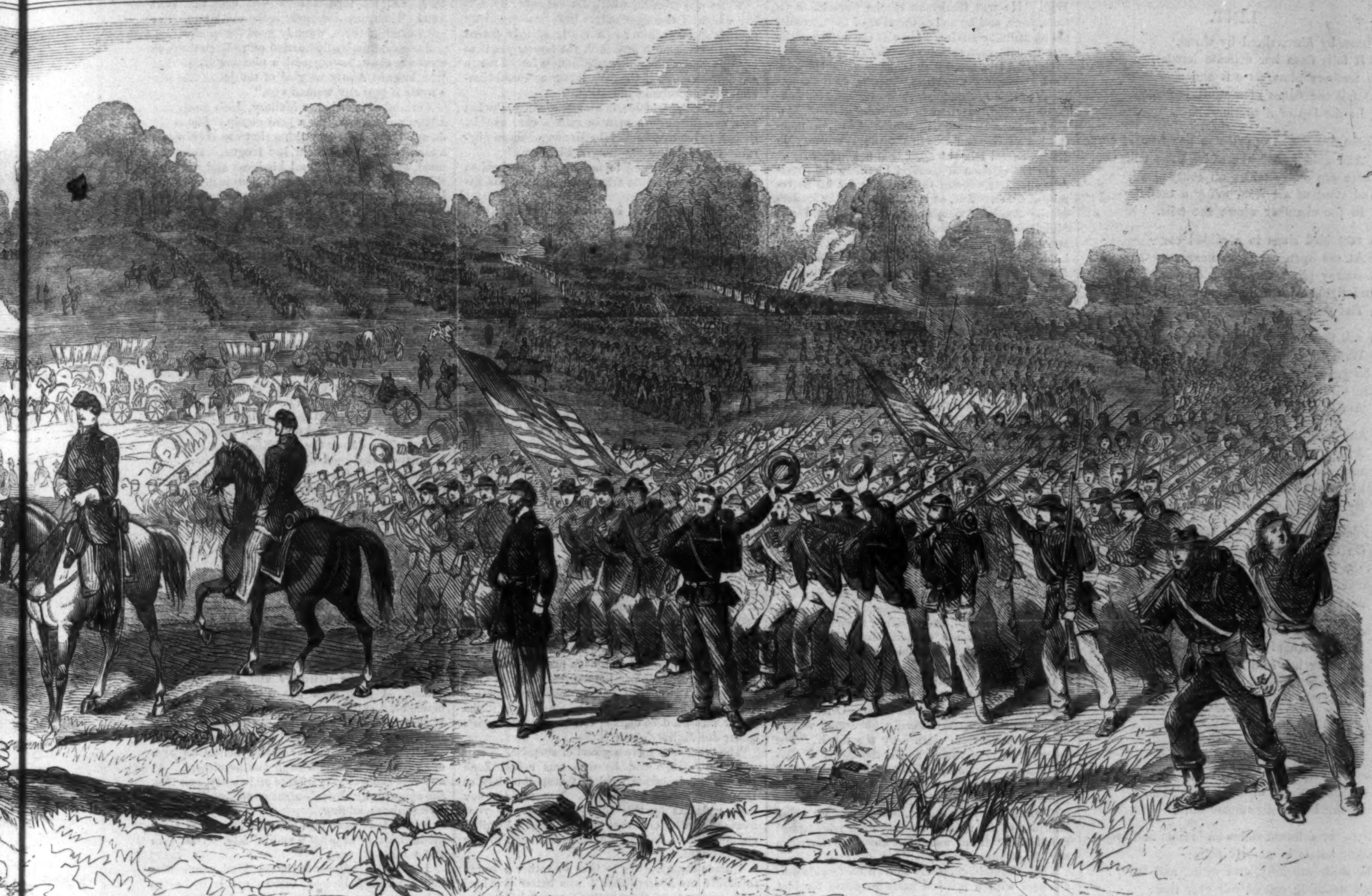
"For us, whatever's undergone
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good"—

I said over to myself as I hastened away. But I could not help wondering why Burnet's fate had not been mine; for I came very near losing my heart with the fair, false Blanche Mayo.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL McCLELLAN ARRIVING ON THE



TRANSPORTS LANDING REINFORCEMENTS AND STORES AT HARRISON'S LANDING



ON THE BANK OF THE JAMES RIVER.—Sketched by Mr. Mead.—[See Page 486.]

LANDING, ON THE JAMES RIVER.—Sketched by an Officer of the Navy.—[See Page 486.]

LINT.

FIBRE by fibre, shred by shred,
It falls from her delicate hand
In feathery films, as soft and slow
As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow
In the lap of a summer land.

There are jewels of price in her roseate ears,
And gold round her white wrist coils·
There are costly trifles on every hand,
And gems of art from many a land
In the chamber where she toils.

A rare bird sings in a gilded cage
At the open casement near;
A sunray glints through a swaying bough,
And lights with a diamond radiance now
The dew of a falling tear!

A sob floats out to the summer air
With the song-bird's latest trill;
The gossamer folds of the drapery
Are waved by the swell of a long, low sigh,
And the delicate hands are still.

"Ah! beauty of earth is naught, is naught!
And a gilded youth is vain!
I have seen a sister's scarred face shine
With a youth and beauty all divine
By the soldier's couch of pain!"

"I have read of another whose passing shade
On their pillows the mangled kissed
In the far Crimea!"—There are no more tears,
But she plucks the gems from her delicate ears,
And the gold from her slender wrist.

The bird still sings in his gilded cage;
But the Angel in her heart
Hath stung her soul with a noble pain;
And beauty is naught, and youth is vain,
While the Patriot's wounds still smart!

* * * * *

Fibre by fibre, shred by shred,
Still fall from her delicate hand
The feathery films, as soft and slow
As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow
In the lap of a summer land.

There are crimson stains on breasts and brows,
And fillets in ghastly coils;
The walls are lofty, and white, and bare,
And moaning echoes roll ever there
Through the chamber where she toils.

No glitter of gold on her slender wrist,
Nor gem in her roseate ears;
But a youth and a beauty all divine
In the face of the Christian maiden shine,
And her gems are the soldier's tears!

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX, whose portrait we give on page 485, was born in Boscawen, New Hampshire, July 24, 1798. His father was the late Colonel Timothy Dix, whose services and death in the last war with Great Britain are matters of history.

In December, 1812, young Dix was appointed to a cadetship at the West Point Military Academy; but he never went as pupil to that institution. His father was then in the army, and being stationed in Baltimore, sent for his son, who joined him there, and very soon (March, 1813) received the commission of Ensign, and marched with his father's command to Sackett's Harbor, *the youngest officer in the American army*.

In June, 1813, he was appointed Acting-Adjutant of Major Timothy Upham's independent battalion of nine companies at Sackett's Harbor. He accompanied his father in the expedition down the St. Lawrence, and was with him when he died on board one of the transports near French Mills, in November, 1813, after the battle of Chrystler's Fields. He was then transferred from the infantry to the artillery, and attached to the staff of Colonel Walbach. At the close of the war he remained in the army, part of the time on garrison duty at various stations, from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to Fort Washington and Old Point Comfort, Virginia, and six years as aid-de-camp to Major-General Brown while he was Commander-in-Chief of the army. He finally left the service in 1828.

He read law with William Wirt, then United States Attorney-General, was admitted to the New York bar in 1828, and afterward to the United States bar in Washington.

In 1826 he married the adopted daughter of the Hon. John J. Morgan, of New York, by whom he has had four sons and two daughters.

From 1828 to 1831 he practiced law in Cooperstown, New York. In 1831, on being appointed Adjutant-General of the State, he removed to Albany. In 1833 he was chosen Secretary of State and Regent of the University.

In 1841 and 1842 General Dix was a member of the New York Assembly from Albany County, and took an active and influential part in the most important legislative measures of that period—such as the liquidation of the State debt by taxation, and the establishment of single Congressional Districts.

On the election of Silas Wright as Governor of New York General Dix was chosen to complete his unexpired term of five years in the United States Senate, and took his seat in that body January 27, 1845, where he remained until March 4, 1849. He was Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and an active member of the Committee on Military affairs. He was the author of the warehousing system as it was adopted by Congress.

General Dix acted with that portion of the New York Democracy known as "the Free-Soil Democracy" in 1848–'49, and was their candidate for Governor in 1848. But when the delegation of New York became legitimately connected with the nomination of General Pierce for the Presidency in 1852, General Dix sustained that nomination.

On the election of General Pierce to the Presidency he first selected General Dix for his Secretary of State. But, as is well known, the leaders of the Southern democracy, of the Mason and Slidell school, protested so violently against his appointment that it was never made. The same influence prevented his appointment as Minister to France, which had been offered to him as an inducement for him to accept for a while the local office of Assistant-Treasurer of the United States in the city of New York. On the appointment of Mr. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, to the French embassy Mr. Dix resigned the office of Assistant-Treasurer, and withdrew almost wholly from politics.

Early in 1859 enormous defalcations having been discovered in the New York City Post-office, and the defaulting Postmaster having absconded, President Buchanan appointed General Dix to that office, and urged its acceptance on the ground that the public interests required the appointment of some man of the highest character and reputation for integrity and administrative ability. Mr. Dix yielded to these representations, and accepted the office. In January, 1861, the treachery and dishonesty of Floyd, Cobb, & Co., of the first Buchanan Cabinet, having reached their climax, and ended in the withdrawal or flight of those traitors from Washington, and the financial embarrassments of the Government requiring the appointment of a Secretary of the Treasury in whose probity, patriotism, skill, and efficiency the whole country could and would confide, General Dix was called to that high office, and entered on its duties January 15, 1861.

On the 18th January, 1861, three days after General Dix took charge of the Treasury Department, he sent a special agent to New Orleans and Mobile for the purpose of saving the revenue vessels at those ports from seizure by the rebels. The most valuable of these vessels, the *Robert M'Clelland*, at New Orleans, was commanded by Captain John G. Breshwood, with S. B. Caldwell as his lieutenant. Breshwood refused to obey the orders of General Dix's agent, Mr. Jones; and on being informed of this refusal, the Secretary telegraphed as follows: "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"

This dispatch, evidently thrown off fervido animo, and with a pen too hasty to pause for blot or literal correction, was intercepted by the Governor of Alabama, and did not reach Mr. Jones until the joint villainy of Captain Breshwood and the authorities of Louisiana had been consummated by stealing the cutter. It found its way very soon into the newspapers, and it flew over the land like the Highland cross of fire, setting the hearts of the people every where ablaze.

General Dix has since taken the field. He commanded at Baltimore for some months, and is now in command at Fortress Monroe, doing his duty manfully and well.

THE OHIO OIL WELL.
A LOVE STORY.

THE mare swerved, dashing the high, lightly built gig against a stump by the side of the narrow road; off flew the spidery wheel; down came the fast-trotting chestnut; and out like a brace of rockets were flung the driver and myself. There was a moment of scuffling, floundering, and general entanglement, while a thousand sparks of fire danced before my eyes, and then I was creeping away from the broken wreck, when I heard Ben, the driver, cry suddenly, "J'hoshaphat, mister, mind her heels, or you're a gone coon!" And I have an indistinct remembrance of receiving two or three stunning blows from what seemed to be a blacksmith's sledge-hammer, and of hearing a loud shout of human voices as I fainted.

When I again opened my eyes I found myself lying on a bank, a few yards from the spot where the accident had occurred. The smashed gig lay in the roadway, but the mare had long since kicked herself free, and was gone. Ben, my careless or unlucky charioteer, stood dolefully whistling, with the whip in his hand. His face was scratched, and his garments were muddy, but he seemed uninjured, though dismayed. Six or seven men in working clothes were lounging about, and apparently conversing on the subject of the recent upset, but only one seemed to concern himself about my personal condition. He was a tall, muscular young fellow, with a fine, handsome face, and a rich, bronzed complexion. He was better dressed, as well as better looking, than the others, though he wore homespun cloth, while the rest of the party were in patched and discolored suits of black. Kneeling beside me on the bank, this young farmer—for it was easy to guess his rank in life—was supporting my head with a gentleness that seemed wonderful for one of his thews and sinews.

"Labor lost, Joe," observed one shabby smoker from his seat; which, by-the-way, was on the very stump that had occasioned the accident. "The Britisher, or Dutchman, or whatever he be, air as dead as Julep Cæsar."

Weak and ill as I was, there was something in this conversion of the Dictator's name into a Yankee idiom which tickled my risible nerves, and I gave a feeble chuckle.

"He's alive, I tell you," answered Joe; "though it does sicken a chap, a few, to git such a pounding as that. I'd like to see you, Zack Brown, after such a dose of cold iron. You'd sing a trifle less positive, or I ain't Joe Mallory."

There was a laugh, which Joe cut short by asking which of the by-standers had some "whisky medicine" about him? A bottle of this potent cordial having been produced, the farmer put it to my lips, and with arbitrary kindness forced me to swallow as much of the fiery liquor as I could imbibe without actual suffocation.

"I know'd," said Joe, in a dogmatic way, "what puts new life into a man in such a case as this, though I ain't overfond of the Monongahela in gin'ral. Do ye feel to be stronger, Sir, now?"

This was addressed to me, and I contrived to answer by some feeble acknowledgment of his Samaritan kindness.

"No bones bruk?" inquired Joe, adding, as I shook my head, "then mebbe you could make a shift to walk, leanin' on me? Sparta ain't above a big mile off."

I tried to rise, and with the help of the young farmer I did contrive to reach my feet, but I could not keep them. One ankle was smartly sprained, the foot having been awkwardly twisted under me as I fell; and I sank down with a groan, as helpless as a rag effigy of a man. It became incumbent to carry me; and the by-standers, now they were quite satisfied that I was alive, volunteered with a pretty good grace to assist in my removal. A light iron gate that gave admission into a field hard by, and which contrasted oddly with the rough worm fence of unbarked wood, was taken off its hinges to form a litter, and I was borne away on this impromptu palanquin.

Ben the driver had by this time set off in plodding pursuit of the truant mare; but before starting he halloed out a stentorian request to know "wheer they were takin' his stranger tew, because Major Staines might like to action him in county court for the gig."

I could hardly help laughing again, though my bones ached cruelly, at the suggestion of suing a man for the damage done in half killing him; but I felt a thrill of languid pleasure when my protector rejoined,

"Darn the Major and his actions! He won't cl'ar many dollars that way, for 'tain't fust time that tearin' chestnut brute have made a smash of wood and iron, let alone humans. That mare's unpopular in the county, and no jury would give a red cent if her neck was bruk. Any how, if the Major wants a dose of law, tell him the stranger's under Joe Mallory's roof."

The other men gave a growl of surprise.

"Why, Joe," said he who was called Zach Brown, "I reckoned we'd jest drop the chap at Dan Hunt's, the taverner's. You oughter hev more wrinkles by this than to lumber up your house with a critter that wants a deal of waitin' on, and mebbe hasn't shinplasters enough to pay for his board."

I made some answer to this, or rather I began to assure my hearers that I was better provided with money than they perhaps guessed from my scanty luggage and plain dress; but Joe Mallory pressed his broad hand on my mouth to silence me, and angrily told Zach that "when he sent in a bill for food and shelter to a hurt traveler he hoped niggers would trample on him."

Zach said no more, and before long I was carried into the young farmer's house, and laid on a bed. The men were going at once after taking a dram of whisky, but I insisted on remunerating each of them with a dollar, which, after some hesitation, they consented to receive for "loss of time." Very odd fellows they were—honest, I am sure; proud in their way, as Hoosiers almost always are; and not willfully unkind, but blunt of feelings themselves, and coarsely indifferent to the feelings of others. Before they departed I heard one of them ask Joe in no smothered tone, "What whim made him have the stranger up there?" To which Joe made answer, in a more subdued tone, that "Dan's tavern was no place for a delicate town-raised critter to be ill in, and that it was plain I felt the banging more than I said."

When the men were gone the master of the house called aloud the respective names of "Aunty!" "Phillis!" and "Terence!" but no answer was returned. Muttering that he would soon return, my new friend strode out into the yard, whence issued the familiar sounds produced by gobbling turkeys, lowing calves, and grumbling pigs. The house was a long, low structure, mainly composed of timber, with chimneys of brick; but it was very substantial and roomy. The chamber in which I had been placed was one of a nest of similar rooms opening into a passage, at the end of which was the great kitchen, decorated with dangling hams, smoked venison, corn cobs, barrels of pickled pork, huge yellow pumpkins, and sundry shelves of pewter and New England crockery. At the other end was a door, seldom opened, leading into the best parlor, where stood the smart furniture, the china, fine linen, and so forth, never used but at wedding, funeral, or christening. The quilt on which I lay was of a coarse quality, but scrupulously clean; the brown, rough sheets of the bed were very clean too; the pine planks of the floor, thanks to soap and water, were as white as the glaring walls on which hung a few cheap colored prints of Bonaparte's battles and the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon. The house was that of a tolerably well-to-do Western farmer: rather neater than the majority, but with no luxury or ostentation. While I was musing on the strange quarters in which I found myself, my host returned, accompanied by a negro girl and an old white woman, dressed pretty much alike in common cotton prints of Lowell make. There was a great difference in their behavior, however; for while the negress, whom I shrewdly guessed to be the Phillis so often called in vain, merely grinned a salutation, the old woman bustled up to my bedside in a moment.

"You're welcome, stranger," said she, "but we can talk 'nother time, I guess. A nasty tumble! What a bruise that is on your temple—I'll jest fix that—Phillis, the bottle off the shelf in my room, third from the end—jump and get it, and be spry, do. That gal moves as if she'd lead in her shoes. All them darkeys do. Sprained your foot, eh, mister? Let me turn it about—so, does that hurt you? Then run, Joe, and git the black box. I've got somethin' there, woundy good for sprains."

Joe good-humoredly hurried off to fetch the rude medicine chest, saying with a pleasant laugh that "he knowed Aunty be glad of the job. She *was* a nurse if ever any woman was."

Certainly Miss Esther Mallory, Joe's aunt, was a born nurse as well as a born gossip. She could do any thing and every thing that was required in a sick-room, except hold her tongue. Talk she must, and while with real kindness and untiring skill she applied bandages and lotions to my bruised head and arm, and my sprained ankle; while she brewed me tea and barley-water; while she adjusted the pillows under my head, and superintended Phillis in the boiling of a chicken for my supper, she never seemed to intermit the rapid flow of her discourse.

From this notable female, in the course of the evening, I heard all the family history. How the Mallorys had migrated west from their original abode in New Jersey, where they had been, my hostess rather boastfully said, since William and Mary. How she, Esther Mallory, had been induced, sorely against her will, to accompany her two brothers, Joe's uncle and father, to the then half known wilds of Ohio. How she had been there a long time, and didn't half like it, and had seen great changes, and didn't half like them, and thought New Jersey the true Eden upon earth.

Further, the good old maid related how Joe's uncle had died of fever, and how Joe had succeeded his father in the property two years before, while she had staid to keep house for him till he got a wife, being fully determined to go back as soon as her nephew's marriage should take place, and live on her savings, or, as she called them, "money-scrapes," in her native village.

Miss Esther was about sixty: angular, raw-boned, with a hard-featured face puckered into as many wrinkles as a withered apple, with keen blue eyes and brisk, active movements. I had seen many women in New England who might have been her twin-sisters, and I knew the race well—thrifty, clean, bustling busybodies, with a supreme contempt for the dawdlers and slatterns down South. A good cook was Miss Esther, a good manager, a skilled seamstress, but a better nurse. If she could do any one thing better than another it was tending the sick, and I believe she felt personally grateful to me for giving her an occasion of exhibiting her knowledge and adroitness. At any rate she was very affable and chatty, and took the opportunity of Joe's absence to sing her nephew's praises; adding,

"Poor lad! poor lad! He's a heavy heart, for all he tries to keep up a smilin' face. Drat love and sentiment, sez I!"

I started. Sure enough, my kind young host had a melancholy look, unaccountable in one in robust health, tolerably well off, and evidently respected by his neighbors. I had noticed it before, but my bruised limbs and throbbing temples had put the matter out of court, until Miss Esther's remark aroused my curiosity and sympathy. Little pressing was needed to elicit from the garrulous aunt what, after all, was no secret. Joe Mallory had been for some time the accepted lover of Susan Boone, only daughter of Deacon Gabriel Boone, one of the most comfortable farmers in the district, and who, as Miss Esther said, was "rather uppish" about family, being own cousin to the renowned General Daniel Boone, the explorer of Kentucky. The marriage had been unluckily postponed—a circumstance due, I fancy, to Miss Esther's own obstructiveness, since it was her desire that "a good chist full of linen web" should be spun at home previous to the establishment of the young bride as mistress of the house. In the interval a new discovery had subverted the old order of things. This was no other than the discovery of the petroleum, or, as Miss Esther called it, the "ile." It had been found; its value had been greedily appreciated by a population not very apt to let any source of profit slip through their fingers; and the favored tract of country, Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania, as well as Canada West, had ever since been in a fever of speculation. Here were diggings, not indeed auriferous, but of a substance capable of transmutation into five-dollar notes, brought home to the very doors of the people. Of course property maintained its rights; there was no scramble; but some grew rich by finding wealth bubbling up at their very thresholds, and among this number was Deacon Boone, Susan's father.

One of the two "flowing wells" of rock-oil which had come to light in the parish of Sparta was on Deacon Boone's land. Luckier than most of his neighbors, almost all of whom had oil beneath their fields, but oil only to be raised by expensive pumping, after the spade and mattock had done their work the old deacon was proprietor of an absolute spring of the odoriferous fluid, which seemed inexhaustible. Thousands of gallons, every drop of which had its market value, daily spouted and splashed into the air, and an immense per-centage of the produce was lost for lack of barrels and labor. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that Deacon Boone, always a weak, vain man, lost his head, and grew, as Miss Esther quaintly said, "most too proud to dirty his shoes walkin'." This elation was accompanied by coldness of demeanor toward his old friends, whom he was loth any longer to regard in the light of equals, and by an ominous coldness of bearing toward his intended son-in-law. Besides this, he had dropped hints of the brilliant prospects in store for his family—hints that struck poor Joe with dismay, since his position was altered now. A little while before, Joe, with a tidy farm and a little sum in bank, had been a reasonably good match for the daughter of a corn and cattle factor; but he was become relatively poor when compared with the fortunate owner of a flowing well of wealth.

"And the young lady herself?" asked I, with some interest; "is she as mercenary as her father? As ready to give up a poor suitor in hopes of a better match afterward, I mean?"

Miss Esther answered rather slowly, as she plied her knitting-needles over the fast-growing stocking of unbleached wool.

"Wa'al, I hairdly know, Sir. Young gals are that flighty and flim they don't know the differ atween yes and no sometimes. Susan likes our Joe well enough, but her father and mother are nouther of 'em overstocked with sense, and they go clack! clack! about how she's to be a fine lady and that, and visit Europe, and keep cump'ny with grand folks, and wear sat'n and lace, and mebbe the gal's little head's getting turned. But I bel've, I do believe, her heart air a good and tender one, as it had oughter, seein' Joe desarves a good wife."

Joe, I must observe, was out just then, looking after a "loping deer," which Terence, the old Irish hired man, who helped on the farm, had caught a glimpse of in the corn; and therefore I had time to hear a great deal about the Boone family. Among other things was a story the moral of which was that Deacon Boone owed Joe a debt of gratitude, which rendered his present conduct in giving him the cold shoulder peculiarly mean and contemptible. Years before, when the State of Ohio was more thinly settled, the deacon had joined a party of hunters who had brought a bear to bay. Old Boone was no experienced woodsman, but was vain and fond of applause, and perhaps had a notion that sylvan prowess ran in his blood as a kinsman of the great Nimrod, Daniel Boone; and he rashly approached the desperate animal, and was caught in its dangerous embrace.

"I've heerd tell," said Miss Esther, "that the sight wur horrid. There wur the b'ar, with red eyes glitrin' with rage, and a mouth full of blood and foam, and the Deacon faintin' with fright and the hug he got, and never a man durst fire, for fear they'd miss the beast and hit the man. But our Joe—a mere boy then—what does he do but run in with his hunting-knife, and soon med the b'ar drop the Deacon and tackle to *him*. That war a tussle, mister, for a b'ar takes a deal of killin', and when they brought back our Joe here he war tore to bits and all blood. You may see the great scar on his forehead yet, whar the b'ar's claws scratched him jest as he drove the knife to its heart. 'Tain't every big man in the settlements, let alone a lad, cares to face a b'ar with on'y the knife; and no wonder the Deacon allays petted Joe arterward, and used to take a pleasure in seein' him and Susan together, and sayin' they'd make a handsome couple, and so they might if 'twarn't for this weary ile."

At that moment in came Joe, moody and careworn. In answer to the question whether he had shot the deer he rejoined bitterly that he had not, and did not care whether he never shot another.

"I know what's amiss," said his aunt, glancing up in her keen way. "You've seen Susan Boone, and she's vexed you."

"Hush, aunty!" said the young farmer, looking askance at me; but Miss Esther assured him that my presence need be no restraint, for she had told me all about it.

"You hev?" the young man exclaimed, with an angry stamp of his massive foot on the floor. But almost instantly his frank face relaxed into its usual good-humored look, and he said, with a sad sort of laugh,

"I oughter remember she folks were born to chatter, special them that hail from down eastway. And, arter all, I'm noways ashamed o' my share in the bizniss."

"You have no cause to be, I am sure," said I, half-apologetically; "and I hope I am not intrusive when I say that, quite apart from the kind service you have rendered me, my best wishes would go with you."

The young woodsman stretched out his mighty hand, grasped mine, and gave it a friendly squeeze that seemed to make every joint and sinew crack. It hurt me rather, but there was no mistaking the kindly intention.

"Thank'ee, mister," said Joe; "but I reckon I'm an onlucky coon. I some fear I air. This ile, that's a fortin to thousands, air jest perdition to me. Bad enough the Deacon should be huffy and queer—but Susan! she hadn't oughter—she hadn't oughter sot more store on a pocketful of dollars than an honest man's heart. I met her jest now at the door of the school-house, where the children hev been larnin' hymn-singing, and she most scorned to give me a look—she that I've known sin' we were both little trots of six year old!"

"War she alone?" asked Aunt Esther, in a quick, snappish voice.

"Wa'al, no," said Joe, reluctantly; "her parents war followin', and she war walkin' along of a smart town chap, one I know by head-mark, Mr. Peter Clovis Tapper, the lawyer to Lanesville. Such a dandy fellow, with rings and yaller gloves, and scent on his white cambric hankercher; no wonder she couldn't see *me*."

The manly young fellow cast a glance, half-proud, half-depreciating, on his plain working garb and brown muscular hands. Miss Esther thereupon expressed her fears that Mr. Tapper was a new suitor favored by Susan's parents, who were bent on throwing off the former engagement.

"If I re'ely thought so," said Joe, "that pretty dressed lawyer and me might hev words—we might."

As I saw the dark flush of wrath that crimsoned the backwoodsman's sun-browned face, making the scar of the bear's claw ominously white and clear on his broad, honest brow; and as I noticed how the long rifle vibrated in the grasp of his strong fingers, I thought Peter Clovis Tapper, attorney-at-law, might wince a little at the prospect of "words" with the man he had supplanted.

Mallory, however, like most men of genuine bravery, was remarkably modest and quiet in his general demeanor, and his threatening mood passed away very quickly. He said that Susan was very young, that girls were apt to be fanciful, and that he should go on believing her to be true to him and her plight until he received his dismissal from her own lips. Then he broke away from the subject, talked of my health, and congratulated me on being in Miss Esther's care: declaring, what I am sure was true, that the old lady had not her equal in the county for bone-setting and bandaging. Happily I did not find it necessary to test her skill in the former branch of art; my bruises were gradually reduced, and, but for my sprained ankle, I could soon have proceeded on my journey well enough. As it was, my hurt progressed but slowly toward recovery: sprains are tedious things, and I found a slight imprudence undid the good work of days. However, thanks to Miss Esther's washes and drops, thanks to wet bandages and the healing force of nature, I was soon able to walk in a weak, slow way, with assistance. Sometimes I had the aid of Joe's strong arm, sometimes of old Terence's, and now and then black Phillis was commissioned to help my progress through the village or across the yard where the turkeys and fowls, her especial charge, gobbled and clucked in vast squadrons. There had lately been, Phillis said, three more men employed on the farm at wages; one Irishman, a nephew of Terence, and two "colored gentlemen;" but these had all been tempted away to work at a cooperage where the people were busy, day and night, in making vats, kegs, and casks, to catch the oil which would otherwise be wasted. Much labor had been withdrawn from tillage, I learned, for the same purpose, and in many places the crops were neglected that the mineral treasures of the earth might be garnered up. Of the crude oil I saw enough and smelled enough to satiate an amateur for life, during the weeks I spent at Sparta. Although there were only two flowing wells in the parish, there were plenty of pump-wells, where machinery more or less rude, from the chain of hand-buckets to the small steam gin or Ericsson engine, were in almost constant employment. The streams had a film of oil on their surface, the carts dripped oil, the talk of the whole neighborhood was saturated with oil.

But the two who profited most by this sudden outpouring of an oleaginous cornucopia were Deacon Boone and another farmer, with whom the Deacon was on bad terms. This was Elder Hiram Rutherford, a middle-aged man, whose land at Wyandot Creek adjoined the Mallory property. He possessed the other flowing well; a still finer one than Mr. Boone's; and it was a sore alloy to Mr. Boone's triumph to know that the person he hated was getting rich at least as rapidly as he himself was. It matters little why these two men were foes. They had thwarted each other, I believe, about some affairs of bargain and sale; and since then, in church assemblies, sheriffs' courts, market, or merry-making, they never met but to bicker and oppose each other. Elder Hiram was a gaunt, lean old sinner, with white hair, a leering, bloodshot eye, and a wrinkled face, replete with cunning; whereas old Boone had a vacuous face, that expressed little beyond conceit and love of pelf. Mrs. Boone, whose acquaintance I also made, was a flighty, silly woman, much overdressed, and already looking forward to the time when her husband's wealth should buy her a place among the Upper Ten Thousand.

But in Susan, whom I had fancied a cold coquette, I found to my surprise a very charming girl, extremely pretty, gentle, and sweet-tempered; rather too much so, indeed, since she had been half-persuaded it was her duty to give up Joe. But she loved him still, and she detested Mr. Tapper, whose visits and attentions received every sanction and encouragement from her parents. It appeared that the wily young lawyer had found out the weakness of the old folks, and was dazzling them with pictures of New York grandeurs, and of the lofty position which his New York connections would insure to the Boone family. And at last old Boone actually found courage to tell Joe Mallory that he must give Susan up, unless, in a month's time, he could show that he had the means to "keep her as a lady."

Poor Joe was willing and able to keep her as became a farmer's wife and a farmer's daughter, and he did not ask for a cent of dowry; but the old man was inexorable, and gave Joe plainly to understand that he intended looking elsewhere for a son-in-law. It needed no conjuror to discover where the Deacon intended to look. Mr. P. C. Tapper came over at least twice a week from Lanesville, driving his own tandem, and attended by a black groom in a sky-blue coat. My young host was in despair, and but that Miss Esther and I seriously took the alarm, and used all our efforts to keep him and the legal dandy apart, I have no doubt that mischief would have ensued. In this time of trouble Susan's conduct puzzled us all. She was sincerely attached to Joe, for her eyes brightened and her cheek flushed when they met, and she was evidently unfascinated by the Lanesville lawyer; but she seemed a mere puppet in her parents' hands. The probable explanation is, that she was too young, plastic, and docile to offer any decided opposition to the ambitious projects of the old folks.

Joe did not resign himself to useless and idle murmuring at his fate. At my suggestion he availed himself of the services of Barney Leech, the old well-sinker, whose income had been greatly increased by the petroleum discoveries, and he made a bold push to find oil upon his land, which, as I have mentioned, was next to that of Elder Hiram. And very tantalizing it was to see the thick jet of rock oil spirting from the soil at Wyandot Creek hard by; to see men ladling it up with tubs and crocks, coopering it up in casks, stowing it in jars, old bottles, empty "breakers" of spirits, any thing, and yet allowing hundreds of gallons to run to waste over the creek waters; while not a drop could Joe Mallory find.

"Sorry for it, for your sake, Mr. Mallory," said the old well-digger, when the excavation had been made, and deepened, and deepened, all in vain. "Sorry for it, but it would be robbing your pocket, I guess, to go on. A'ready you've spent dollars enough on the grope, and it's plain you'll get no ile: not if you dig through the world, mister."

This was sad news for poor Joe, who had been informed that morning by Deacon Boone that the day of grace was nearly spent, that Susan and he had best forget one another, and that from Monday next his visits at the Boones's house must cease.

I could give the poor fellow no comfort. Indeed, I had been compelled to indorse the verdict of the experienced old well-digger, that the search was hopeless; and my opinion, as that of a professional engineer, had great weight with Joe. I have not previously mentioned my errand in Ohio, which was connected with this very oil. My business was to conclude a contract between several well proprietors and the commercial firm in whose behalf I was engaged, and who had purchased my patent of a new process for refining the crude petroleum. When able to walk tolerably, I had not neglected this duty, and had concluded a bargain with Elder Rutherford for the delivery of a certain quantity of coarse oil at specified periods. With Deacon Boone I was unable to come to terms, and I should have left Sparta but for my interest in Joe, and my wish to serve him if I could, were it only by keeping him from drubbing Mr. Tapper, and incurring the risk of crushing damages at law. Joe's position with respect to Deacon Boone and his daughter was, of course, well known throughout that small community, and much sympathy was expressed for the young woodsman.

On the evening of the day when the well-digger had ceased operations, I had taken a short stroll among the wooded spurs of the hills which belt in the rich alluvial meadows, with no other companion than a stout hickory walking-stick. Rather tired, I was glad to sit down under a giant black walnut, whose spreading boughs hummed pleasantly overhead as the wind waved them, and I lazily watched the wild pigeons winging their way home toward the forests.

Presently a dead branch crackled under a heavy listless tread, and Joe came striding down the path, with his rifle cast into the hollow of his left arm, his hat pulled over his eyes, and a sullen desperate look that it was painful to mark.

I was on the point of rising to accost him, when something rustled briskly through the scrubby ravine to my left, and a low voice called out,

"Joe! hist! Joe Mallory!"

"Who calls?" answered the young man, stopping short.

"A friend, I guess!" answered the same low voice, sibilant as a snake's hiss. And out from among the shrubs glided a lean figure, with a broad straw-hat and a suit of yellowish jean—Elder Hiram Rutherford.

"I've no humor to talk much to-night, mister; I'm best by myself, jest now," said Joe, roughly. The elder laughed a little hoarse laugh, with malice and craft in the ring of it, but his voice was not unkindly toned as he said,

"Silly boy, don't you go blockin' your own light. You jest listen to me, on'y five minutes, and then cut up rough and shirk my cump'ny, if ye like."

Without awaiting a reply the shrewd old man caught Joe by the arm and walked by his side, talking fast but low, with upraised forefinger, but evidently with earnest emphasis quite foreign to his usual sneering manner. Even had I been disposed to turn eaves-dropper not a word could I have caught. I got quietly up from my resting-place and limped home.

Miss Esther was vexed that evening, for Joe was late, and the tea grew black and bitter, the cakes cold, and the spruce beer flat with long waiting. But when her nephew *did* return he wore a strangely flushed and excited aspect, and there was a glow on his cheek and an elasticity in his step. And yet, though evidently in high spirits, there was something odd about Joe. He avoided meeting my gaze or his aunt's gaze whenever he could. He shuffled about turning his shoulder on the company. He ate and drank and laughed in a boisterous way, but as if his thoughts were busy elsewhere.

That night, Joe's chamber being next to mine, I could have sworn I heard his window stealthily opened an hour after midnight, and a dull sound as of a big man squeezing himself through a casement almost too narrow to give him egress. Then followed the cautious tread of a heavy foot on the garden paths. Though why Joe, as master of the house and of himself, should choose to slip out like a truant school-boy was beyond my comprehension. Next night the same sound was audible at the same hour. Nay more, I looked from my little window, and caught the gleam of a dark lantern in the garden passing rapidly on.

But next morning a surprise occurred which put these nocturnal sights and sounds out of my head.

A new flowing well of oil had been discovered, and, wonder of wonders, it was not only on Joe's land, but it had burst forth from the very excavation he had caused to be made! A cow-boy, passing with his herd along the lane, had first seen the jet and heard the splash of the spouting petroleum, and the news had spread like wild-fire over the village.

Before breakfast nine-tenths of the people of Sparta, men, women, and children, had gathered in a ring to gaze, open-mouthed and open-eyed, at the portent. There was no mistake about the matter. The tawny liquid, like thick dirty water, leaping up in a thick pillar of fluid, and arching over as it poured its spray into a little pool of oil, was genuine petroleum, and the quantity was considerable. Fortune had knocked at my host's door while he slept, or at any rate while he was supposed to sleep.

Bating a little not unnatural envy, the impulse of the neighbors was to be sincerely glad. Next to having such an outcrop of luck within his own bounds every man present would have selected Joe as the best recipient for such a boon. In elder times and elder countries the windfall might have been assigned to the bounty of the fairies, but as it was, more than one man, and many women, loudly declared the appearance of the oil a "dispensatory" in Joe's favor.

"What will Deacon Boone say to't?" was the general cry.

Meanwhile I was standing among the rest, sorely puzzled. My professional knowledge made me suspect that some subterranean flow of the petroleum had taken place, and that in all probability Elder Rutherford's well would be a loser by as much as Joe's gained. But beyond the fence of partition I could see the elder's well, flowing, to all appearance, as lustily as ever; and beside me stood the elder himself, with no sign of apprehension on his thin face, or visible in the twinkle of his piercing eyes. Indeed, Mr. Rutherford wore an odd look of stealthy satisfaction, and he was not the least loud in his congratulations of Joe.

"Very strange," thought I. "That old man must have a better heart than I gave him credit for. But the outbreak of this oil is one of those apparent caprices of nature which perplex men of science."

The last sentence had been uttered aloud, and the aged well-digger at my elbow answered it with:

"Solemn true, mister. We dug and bored, and no signs of ile, and here it comes up, plenty as peaches in the latter end o' July. But here comes Deacon Boone, struck all of a heap like at sight of the ile on the ground of the chap he choked off from coortin' his darter. May I never, but he's gwine to eat humble pie!"

Eat humble pie the Deacon certainly did; for, after hovering about the oil like a moth round a candle, after listening to the by-standers' vague calculations as to how many hundred or thousand gallons a day the well would yield, Mr. Boone went up to Joe and held out his hand:

"Give you joy, my boy!" he said, in a tremulous way, and, taking courage from Joe's hearty hand-grasp, actually made a stammering apology for his late conduct, and more than hinted that his desire was that Susan and Joe should "come together."

It was curious to see the vain, mean man wriggling out of the dilemma, to hear his clumsy phrases, and to observe his coarse greed and time-serving nature. Such things have been done before in the politest circles, but here the mercenary character stood out transparent and stripped of artificial adornments. Joe seemed to feel the truth as he made answer in a voice that was audible to many of those present:

"Deacon, we'll let by-gones be by-gones. I'm willin' to stick to our old 'greement, and I'll be proud of Susan for my wife, but I want nuthin' more. Keep your money and your settlements and stuff, or light your pipe with 'em if you like. I take your darter in the clothes she stands in, and no property—not a cent."

All the villagers were talking for the next three days of Joe's amazing luck and Joe's no less amazing disinterestedness. It was known that the Deacon, who had but one son and no other daughter, would have given Susan a large sum on her wedding-day, and would have prospectively settled a much larger sum upon her. And however productive Joe's well might be, a good balance at the bank was never a hindrance in business.

Some oil was collected at the new petroleum spring in the course of the next four days, but not as much as if the proprietor had not been absorbed in preparations for his wedding. That wedding was duly solemnized, with the full sanction of parents, minister, and magistrate; and a very pretty dark-eyed bride Susan was, and very lovingly she nestled by Joe's side. Hers was a soft nature, but she had found a strong prop to cling to. I was present at the wedding, and found much amusement in the spectacle of the feast and frolic, which wound up with an uproarious dance.

Deacon Boone publicly offered Joe a roll of notes, Susan's portion, which Joe as publicly declined.

Two days afterward I was to leave Sparta. My sturdy host would, I knew, have been pained by the proffer of pecuniary compensation for my maintenance, but he did not refuse to accept a good German rifle, neatly mounted in silver, which formed part of my worldly goods, and which I had sent for from Philadelphia. This Joe promised to keep for my sake, and in memory of the eventful time we had passed together.

On the day of my departure a new excitement pervaded the village. Joe's flowing well had ceased to flow. The oil-spring had vanished as abruptly as it had appeared. Before long a great crowd gathered, cries of wonder and condolence were heard, and Deacon Boone and his wife arrived in a state bordering on distraction. Joe alone seemed cool, though a little sheepish. In answer to the Deacon's voluble inquiries he referred him to Elder Rutherford. The Deacon faced his enemy.

"What do you know about it, mister?"

"Know?" said Elder Hiram; "you've come to the right shop for knowledge. The well's dry; and why? Why, because the lease was for a week, and it's out to-day."

And so it turned out. Elder Hiram's malicious wish to play the Deacon a trick had suggested an expedient at which Joe, in his despair, had caught. A few yards of two-inch piping, laid down under cover of night between the Wyandot Creek well and Joe's excavation, had sufficed to extemporize a flowing well on the latter's property, while it merely relieved the elder's petroleum spring of its superfluity. The pipe had now been removed.

Of course Susan's parents were very full of wrath and reproaches, but they were at last overborne by public opinion. The majority favored Joe, probably considering all stratagems fair in love and war, while Susan took her husband's part; and the young farmer's remark was unanswerable:

"Deacon, I ain't ashamed. It's fust time I ever deceived any body, but 'twar for Susan's sake, and I never took a dollar of your money, nor never will. Remember that!"

So the young folks moved West, and were thriving in Kansas when last I heard of them. Miss Esther was still with them.

CALIFORNIA JOE, OF THE BERDAN SHARP-SHOOTERS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

CALIFORNIA JOE.

ON this page we give a characteristic portrait of CALIFORNIA JOE, the famous sharp-shooter, one of the best shots and most efficient men in that most efficient and admirable corps, Berdan's Sharp-shooters.

California Joe was first heard of by the public when the army was before Yorktown. The *Herald* correspondent then said of him:

There is one personage who is making himself a history in the preliminary siege of the rebel strong-hold in front of us—"California Joe," of the Berdan Sharp-shooters. I spent an hour yesterday in his tent. He is a character. I was surprised at his age. He is past fifty, but looks a score of years younger. He stands as straight as an arrow, has an eye as keen as a hawk, nerves as steady as can be, and an endowment of hair and whiskers Reubens would have liked for a patriarchal portrait. He has spent years of his life shooting grizzly bears in the forests and fastnesses of California, and carries a telescopic rifle that in his hand will carry a long ways and with terrific accuracy. For several days past he has occupied as a shooting-place a hole dug in the ground just big enough for himself. His unerring rifle has made many a rebel bite the dust. He says he likes the sport, and he means to keep it up. A ball knocked off a portion of the upper band of his rifle.

In a subsequent letter from before Richmond the same correspondent said:

A rebel sharp-shooter had been amusing himself and annoying the General and other officers by firing several times in that direction, and sending the bullets whistling in unwelcome proximity to their heads.

"My man, can't you get your piece on that fellow who is firing on us, and stop his impertinence?" asked the General.

"M'CLELLAN IS OUR MAN"—FAVORITE SONG OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SEE PAGE 486.]

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE THIRTEENTH CONNECTICUT REGIMENT BY LOYAL LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS.—Sketched by an Officer of the 13th.—[See Page 487.]

"I think so," replied Joe; and he brought his telescopic rifle to a horizontal position.

"Do you see him?" inquired the General.

"I do."

"How far is he away?"

"Fifteen hundred yards."

"Can you fetch him?"

"I'll try."

And Joe did try. He brought his piece to a steady aim, pulled the trigger, and sent the bullet whizzing on its experimental tour, the officers meantime looking through their field glasses. Joe hit the fellow in the leg or foot. He went hobbling up the hill on one leg and two hands, in a style of locomotion that was amusing. Our General was so tickled—there is no better word—at the style and celerity of the fellow's retreat that it was some time before he could get command of his risibles sufficiently to thank Joe for what he had done.

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

THE FOURTH SCENE.

ALDBOROUGH, SUFFOLK.

CHAPTER I.

The most striking spectacle presented to a stranger by the shores of Suffolk is the extraordinary defenselessness of the land against the encroachments of the sea.

At Aldborough, as elsewhere on this coast, local traditions are, for the most part, traditions which have been literally drowned. The site of the old town, once a populous and thriving port, has almost entirely disappeared in the sea. The German Ocean has swallowed up streets, market-places, jetties, and public walks; and the merciless waters, consummating their work of devastation, closed, no longer than eighty years since, over the salt-master's cottage at Aldborough, now famous in memory only as the birthplace of the poet Crabbe.

Thrust back year after year by the advancing waves, the inhabitants have receded, in the present century, to the last morsel of land which is firm enough to be built on—a strip of ground hemmed in between a marsh on one side and the sea on the other. Here, trusting for their future security to certain sandhills which the capricious waves have thrown up to encourage them, the people of Aldborough have boldly established their quaint little watering-place. The first fragment of their earthly possessions is a low, natural dyke of shingle, surmounted by a public path which runs parallel with the sea. Bordering this path in a broken, uneven line are the villa residences of modern Aldborough—fanciful little houses, standing mostly in their own gardens, and possessing here and there, as horticultural ornaments, staring figure-heads of ships, doing duty for statues among the flowers. Viewed from the low level on which these villas stand, the sea, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, appears to be higher than the land; coasting-vessels gliding by assume gigantic proportions and look alarmingly near the windows. Intermixed with the houses of the better sort are buildings of other forms and periods. In one direction the tiny Gothic town-hall of old Aldborough—once the centre of the vanished port and borough—now stands fronting the modern villas close on the margin of the sea. At another point a wooden tower of observation, crowned by the figure-head of a wrecked Russian vessel, rises high above the neighboring houses, and discloses through its scuttle-window grave men in dark clothing seated on the topmost story perpetually on the watch—the pilots of Aldborough looking out from their tower for ships in want of help. Behind the row of buildings thus curiously intermingled runs the one straggling street of the town, with its sturdy pilots' cottages, its mouldering marine store-houses, and its composite shops. Toward the northern end this street is bounded by the one eminence visible over all the marshy flat—a low, wooded hill on which the church is built. At its opposite extremity the street leads to a deserted martello tower, and to the forlorn outlying suburb of Slaughden, between the river Alde and the sea. Such are the main characteristics of this curious little outpost on the shores of England as it appears at the present time.

On a hot and cloudy July afternoon, and on the second day which had elapsed since he had written to Magdalen, Captain Wragge sauntered through the gate of North Shingles Villa, to meet the arrival of the coach, which then connected Aldborough with the Eastern Counties Railway. He reached the principal inn as the coach drove up, and was ready at the door to receive Magdalen and Mrs. Wragge on their leaving the vehicle.

The captain's reception of his wife was not characterized by an instant's unnecessary waste of time. He looked distrustfully at her shoes—raised himself on tip-toe—set her bonnet straight for her with a sharp tug—said, in a loud whisper, "hold your tongue"—and left her, for the time being, without further notice. His welcome to Magdalen, beginning with the usual flow of words, stopped suddenly in the middle of the first sentence. Captain Wragge's eye was a sharp one, and it instantly showed him something in the look and manner of his old pupil which denoted a serious change.

There was a settled composure on her face, which, except when she spoke, made it look as still and cold as marble. Her voice was softer and more equable, her eyes were steadier, her step was slower than of old. When she smiled the smile came and went suddenly, and showed a little nervous contraction on one side of her mouth never visible there before. She was perfectly patient with Mrs. Wragge; she treated the captain with a courtesy and consideration entirely new in his experience of her—but she was interested in nothing. The curious little shops in the back streets; the high impending sea; the old town-hall on the beach; the pilots, the fishermen, the passing ships—she noticed all these objects as indifferently as if Aldborough had been familiar to her from her infancy. Even when the captain drew up at the garden-gate of North Shingles, and introduced her triumphantly to the new house, she hardly looked at it. The first question she asked related, not to her own residence, but to Noel Vanstone's.

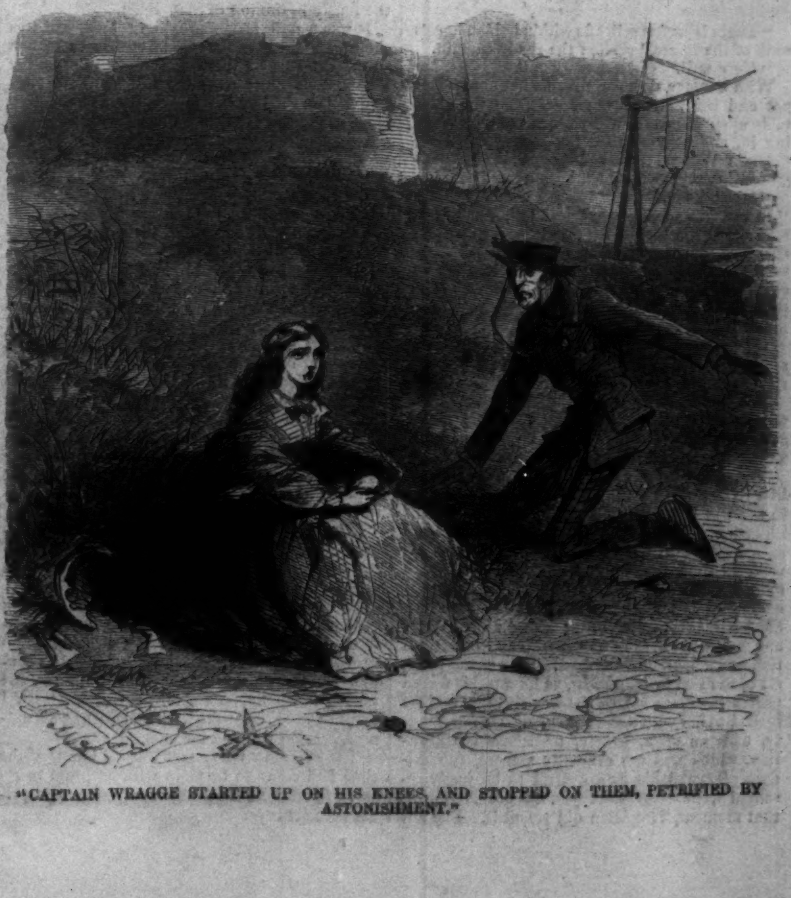
"How near to us does he live?" she inquired, with the only betrayal of emotion which had escaped her yet.

Captain Wragge answered by pointing to the fifth villa from North Shingles, on the Slaughden side of Aldborough. Magdalen suddenly drew back from the garden-gate as he indicated the situation, and walked away by herself to obtain a nearer view of the house.

Captain Wragge looked after her, and shook his head discontentedly. "The devil take that gentleman in the back-ground," he thought. "She has not got over the loss of him yet."

"May I speak now?" inquired a meek voice behind him, articulating respectfully ten inches above the top of his straw-hat.

The captain turned round and confronted his wife. The more than ordinary bewilderment visible in her face at once suggested to him that Magdalen had failed to carry out the directions in his letter, and that Mrs. Wragge had arrived at Aldborough without being properly aware of the total transformation to be accomplished in her identity and her name. The necessity of setting this doubt at rest was too serious to be



"CAPTAIN WRAGGE STARTED UP ON HIS KNEES, AND STOPPED ON THEM, PETRIFIED BY ASTONISHMENT."

trifled with, and Captain Wragge instituted the necessary inquiries without a moment's delay.

"Stand straight, and listen to me," he began. "I have a question to ask you. Do you know whose Skin you are in at this moment? Do you know that you are dead and buried in London, and that you have risen like a phœnix from the ashes of Mrs. Wragge? No! you evidently don't know it. This is perfectly disgraceful. What is your name?"

"Matilda," answered Mrs. Wragge, in a state of the densest bewilderment.

"Nothing of the sort!" cried the captain, fiercely. "How dare you tell me your name's Matilda? Your name is Julia. Who am I? Hold that basket of sandwiches straight, or I'll pitch it into the sea?—Who am I?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Wragge, meekly taking refuge in the negative side of the question this time.

"Sit down!" said her husband, pointing to the low garden wall of North Shingles Villa. "More to the right! More still! That will do. You don't know?" repeated the captain, sternly confronting his wife, as soon as he had contrived, by seating her, to place her face on a level with his own. "Don't let me hear you say that a second time. Don't let me have a woman who doesn't know who I am to operate on my beard to-morrow morning. Look at me! More to the left—more still—that will do. Who am I? I'm Mr. Bygrave—Christian name, Thomas. Who are you? You're Mrs. Bygrave—Christian name, Julia. Who is that young lady who traveled with you from London? That young lady is Miss Bygrave—Christian name, Susan. I'm her clever uncle Tom, and you're her addle-headed aunt Julia. Say it all over to me instantly, like the Catechism! What is your name?"

"Spare my poor head!" pleaded Mrs. Wragge. "Oh, please spare my poor head till I've got the stage-coach out of it!"

"Don't distress her," said Magdalen, joining them at that moment. "She will learn it in time. Come into the house."

Captain Wragge shook his wary head once more. "We are beginning badly," he said, with less politeness than usual. "My wife's stupidity stands in our way already."

They went into the house. Magdalen was perfectly satisfied with all the captain's arrangements; she accepted the room which he had set apart for her; approved of the woman-servant whom he had engaged; presented herself at tea-time the moment she was summoned—but still showed no interest whatever in the new scene around her. Soon after the table was cleared, although the daylight had not yet faded out, Mrs. Wragge's customary drowsiness after fatigue of any kind overcame her; and she received her husband's orders to leave the room (taking care that she left it "up at heel"), and to betake herself (strictly in the character of Mrs. Bygrave) to bed. As soon as they were left alone the captain looked hard at Magdalen, and waited to be spoken to. She said nothing. He ventured next on opening the conversation by a polite inquiry after the state of her health. "You look fatigued," he remarked, in his most insinuating manner. "I am afraid the journey has been too much for you."

"No," she replied, looking out listlessly through the window; "I am not more tired than usual. I am always weary now—weary at going to bed; weary at getting up. If you would like to hear what I have to say to you to-night, I am willing and ready to say it. Can't we go out? It is very hot here; and the droning of those men's voices is beyond all endurance." She pointed through the window to a group of boatmen idling, as only nautical men can idle, against the garden wall. "Is there no quiet walk in this wretched place?" she asked, impatiently. "Can't we breathe a little fresh air, and escape being annoyed by strangers?"

"There is perfect solitude within half an hour's walk of the house," replied the ready captain.

"Very well. Come out, then."

With a weary sigh she took up her straw bonnet and her light muslin scarf from the side-table upon which she had thrown them on coming in, and carelessly led the way to the door. Captain Wragge followed her to the garden-gate—then stopped, struck by a new idea.

"Excuse me," he whispered, confidentially. "In my wife's existing state of ignorance as to who she is, we had better not trust her alone in the house with a new servant. I'll privately turn the key on her, in case she wakes before we come back. Safe bind, safe find—you know the proverb!—I will be with you again in a moment."

He hastened back to the house, and Magdalen seated herself on the garden-wall to await his return.

She had hardly settled herself in that position when two gentlemen walking together, whose approach along the public path she had not previously noticed, passed close by her.

The dress of one of the two strangers showed him to be a clergyman. His companion's station in life was less easily discernible to ordinary observation. Practiced eyes would probably have seen enough in his look, his manner, and his walk to show that he was a sailor. He was a man in the prime of life; tall, spare, and muscular; his face sun-burned to a deep brown; his black hair just turning gray; his eyes dark, deep, and firm—the eyes of a man with an iron resolution and a habit of command. He was the nearest of the two to Magdalen, as he and his friend passed the place where she was sitting; and he looked at her with a sudden surprise at her beauty, with an open, hearty, undisguised admiration, which was too evidently sincere, too evidently beyond his own control to be justly resented as insolent—and yet, in her humor at that moment, Magdalen did resent it. She felt the man's resolute black eyes strike through her with an electric suddenness; and frowning at him impatiently, she turned away her head and looked back at the house.

The next moment she glanced round again to see if he had gone on. He had advanced a few yards—had then evidently stopped—and was now in the very act of turning to look at her once more. His companion, the clergyman, noticing that Magdalen appeared to be annoyed, took him familiarly by the arm; and, half in jest, half in earnest, forced him to walk on. The two disappeared round the corner of the next house. As they turned it the sun-burned sailor twice stopped his companion again, and twice looked back.

"A friend of yours?" inquired Captain Wragge, rejoining Magdalen at that moment.

"Certainly not," she replied; "a perfect stranger. He stared at me in the most impertinent manner. Does he belong to this place?"

"I'll find out in a moment," said the compliant captain, joining the group of boatmen, and putting his questions right and left, with the easy familiarity which distinguished him. He returned in a few minutes with a complete budget of information. The clergyman was well known as the rector of a place situated some few miles inland. The dark man with him was his wife's brother, commander of a ship in the merchant service. He was supposed to be staying with his relatives, as their guest for a short time only, preparatory to sailing on another voyage. The clergyman's name was Strickland, and the merchant-captain's name was Kirke—and that was all the boatmen knew about either of them.

"It is of no consequence who they are," said Magdalen, carelessly. "The man's rudeness merely annoyed me for the moment. Let us have done with him. I have something else to think of—and so have you. Where is the solitary walk you mentioned just now? Which way do we go?"

The captain pointed southward, toward Slaughden, and offered his arm.

Magdalen hesitated before she took it. Her eyes wandered away inquiringly to Noel Vanstone's house. He was out in the garden, pacing backward and forward over the little lawn, with his head high in the air, and with Mrs. Lecount demurely in attendance on him, carrying her master's green fan. Seeing this, Magdalen at once took Captain Wragge's right arm, so as to place herself nearest to the garden when they passed it on their walk.

"The eyes of our neighbors are on us; and the least your niece can do is to take your arm," she said, with a bitter laugh. "Come! let us go on!"

"They are looking this way," whispered the captain. "Shall I introduce you to Mrs. Lecount?"

"Not to-night," she answered. "Wait, and hear what I have to say to you first."

They passed the garden-wall. Captain Wragge took off his hat with a smart flourish, and received a gracious bow from Mrs. Lecount in return. Magdalen saw the housekeeper survey her face, her figure, and her dress, with that reluctant interest, that distrustful curiosity, which women feel in observing each other. As she walked on beyond the house the sharp voice of Mr. Noel Vanstone reached her through the evening stillness. "A fine girl, Lecount!" she heard him say. "You know I am a judge of that sort of thing—a fine girl!"

As those words were spoken Captain Wragge looked round at his companion in sudden surprise. Her hand was trembling violently on his arm, and her lips were fast closed with an expression of speechless pain.

Slowly and in silence the two walked on until they reached the southern limit of the houses, and entered on a little wilderness of shingle and withered grass—the desolate end of Aldborough, the lonely beginning of Slaughden.

It was a dull, airless evening. Eastward was the gray majesty of the sea, hushed in breathless calm—the horizon line invisibly melting into the monotonous misty sky; the idle ships shadowy and still on the idle water. Southward, the high ridge of the sea-dyke, and the grim massive circle of a martello tower, reared high on its mound of grass, closed the view darkly on all that lay beyond. Westward, a lurid streak of sunset glowed red in the dreary heaven—blackened the fringing trees on the far borders of the great inland marsh—and turned its little gleaming water-pools to pools of blood. Nearer to the eye, the sullen flow of the tidal river Alde ebbed noiselessly from the muddy banks; and nearer still, lonely and unprosperous by the bleak water-side, lay the lost little port of Slaughden, with its forlorn wharfs and warehouses of decaying wood, and its few scattered coasting-vessels deserted on the oozy river-shore. No fall of waves was heard on the beach; no trickling of waters bubbled audibly from the idle stream. Now and then the cry of a sea-bird rose from the region of the marsh; and at intervals, from farm-houses far in the inland waste, the faint winding of horns to call the cattle home, traveled mournfully through the evening calm.

Magdalen drew her hand from the captain's arm, and led the way to the mound of the martello tower. "I am weary of walking," she said. "Let us stop and rest here."

She seated herself on the slope, and, resting on her elbow, mechanically pulled up and scattered from her into the air the tufts of grass growing under her hand. After silently occupying herself in this way for some minutes, she turned suddenly on Captain Wragge. "Do I surprise you?" she asked, with a startling abruptness. "Do you find me changed?"

The captain's ready tact warned him that the time had come to be plain with her, and to reserve his flowers of speech for a more appropriate occasion.

"If you ask the question I must answer it," he replied. "Yes; I do find you changed."

She pulled up another tuft of grass. "I suppose you can guess the reason?" she said.

The captain was wisely silent. He only answered by a bow.

"I have lost all care for myself," she went on, tearing faster and faster at the tufts of grass. "Saying that is not saying much, perhaps; but it may help you to understand me. There are things I would have died sooner than do, at one time—things it would have turned me cold to think of. I don't care now whether I do them or not. I am nothing to myself; I am no more interested in myself than I am in these handfuls of grass. I suppose I have lost something. What is it? Heart? Conscience? I don't know. Do you? What nonsense I am talking! Who cares what I have lost? It has gone; and there's an end of it. I suppose my outside is the best side of me, and that's left at any rate. I have not lost my good looks, have I? There! there! never mind answering; don't trouble yourself to pay me compliments. I have been admired enough to-day. First the sailor, and then Mr. Noel Vanstone—enough for any woman's vanity surely! Have I any right to call myself a woman? Perhaps not; I am only a girl in my teens. Oh me, I feel as if I was forty!" She scattered the last fragments of grass to the winds; and, turning her back on the captain, let her head drop till her cheek touched the turf bank. "It feels soft and friendly," she said, nestling to it with a hopeless tenderness horrible to see. "It doesn't cast me off. Mother Earth! The only mother I have left!"

Captain Wragge looked at her in silent surprise. Such experience of humanity as *he* possessed was powerless to sound to its depths the terrible self-abandonment which had burst its way to the surface in her reckless words—which was now fast hurrying her to actions more reckless still. "Devilish odd!" he thought to himself, uneasily. "Has the loss of her lover turned her brain?" He considered for a minute longer, and then spoke to her. "Leave it till to-morrow," suggested the captain, confidentially. "You are a little tired to-night. No hurry, my dear girl, no hurry."

She raised her head instantly, and looked round at him with the same angry resolution, with the same desperate defiance of herself, which he had seen in her face on the memorable day at York when she had acted before him for the first time. "I came here to tell you what is in my mind," she said, "and I *will* tell it!" She seated herself upright on the slope, and clasping her hands round her knees, looked out steadily, straight before her, at the slowly darkening view. In that strange position she waited until she had composed herself; and then addressed the captain, without turning her head to look round at him, in these words:

"When you and I first met," she began, abruptly, "I tried hard to keep my thoughts to myself. I know enough by this time to know that I failed. When I first told you at York that Michael Vanstone had ruined us, I believe you guessed for yourself that I, for one, was determined not to submit to it. Whether you guessed or not, it is so. I left my friends with that determination in my mind; and I feel it in me now stronger, ten times stronger, than ever."

"Ten times stronger than ever," echoed the captain. "Exactly so—the natural result of firmness of character."

"No. The natural result of having nothing else to think of. I had something else to think of before you found me ill in Vauxhall Walk. I have nothing else to think of now. Remember that, if you find me for the future always harping on the same string. One question first. Did you guess what I meant to do, on that morning when you showed me the newspaper, and when I read the account of Michael Vanstone's death?"

"Generally," replied Captain Wragge—"I guessed, generally, that you proposed dipping your hand into his purse, and taking from it (most properly) what was your own. I felt deeply hurt at the time by your not permitting me to assist you. Why is she so reserved with me? (I remarked to myself)—why is she so unreasonably reserved?"

"You shall have no reserve to complain of now," pursued Magdalen. "I tell you plainly—if events had not happened as they did, you *would* have assisted me. If Michael Vanstone had not died I should have gone to Brighton, and have found my way safely to his acquaintance under an assumed name. I had money enough with me to live on respectably for many months together. I would have employed that time, I would have waited a whole year if necessary, to destroy Mrs. Lecount's influence over him, and I would have ended by getting that influence, on my own terms, into my own hands. I had the advantage of years, the advantage of novelty, the advantage of downright desperation, all on my side, and I should have succeeded. Before the year was out—before half the year was out—you should have seen Mrs. Lecount dismissed by her master, and you should have seen me taken into the house, in her place, as Michael Vanstone's adopted daughter—as the faithful friend who had saved him from an adventuress in his old age. Girls no older than I am have tried deceptions as hopeless in appearance as mine, and have carried them through to the end. I had my story ready; I had my plans all considered; I had the weak point in that old man to attack in my way, which Mrs. Lecount had found out before me to attack in hers—and I tell you again I should have succeeded."

"I think you would," said the captain. "And what next?"

"Mr. Michael Vanstone would have changed his man of business next. You would have succeeded to the place; and those clever speculations on which he was so fond of venturing would have cost him the fortunes of which he had robbed my sister and myself. To the last farthing, Captain Wragge—as certainly as you sit there, to the last farthing! A bold conspiracy, a shocking deception—wasn't it? I don't care! Any conspiracy, any deception is justified to my conscience by the vile law which has left us helpless. You talked of my reserve just now. Have I dropped it at last? Have I spoken out at the eleventh hour?"

The captain laid his hand solemnly on his heart, and launched himself once more on his broadest flow of language.

"You fill me with unavailing regret," he said. "If that old man had lived, what a crop I might have reaped from him! What enormous transactions in moral agriculture it might have been my privilege to carry on! *Ars longa*," said Captain Wragge, pathetically drifting into Latin—"*vita brevis!* Let us drop a tear on the lost opportunities of the past, and try what the present can do to console us. One conclusion is clear to my mind. The experiment you proposed to try with Mr. Michael Vanstone is totally hopeless, my dear girl, in the case of his son. His son is impervious to all ordinary forms of pecuniary temptation. You may trust my solemn assurance," continued the captain, speaking with an indignant recollection of the answer to his advertisement in the *Times*, "when I inform you that Mr. Noel Vanstone is, emphatically, the meanest of mankind."

"I can trust my own experience as well," said Magdalen. "I have seen him and spoken to him—I know him better than you do. Another disclosure, Captain Wragge, for your private ear! I sent you back certain articles of costume—when they had served the purpose for which I took them to London. That purpose was to find my way to Noel Vanstone, in disguise, and to judge for myself of Mrs. Lecount and her master. I gained my object; and I tell you again, I know the two people in that house yonder, whom we have now to deal with, better than you do."

Captain Wragge expressed the profound astonishment and asked the innocent questions appropriate to the mental condition of a person taken completely by surprise.

"Well," he resumed, when Magdalen had briefly answered him; "and what is the result on your own mind? There must be a result, or we should not be here. You see your way? Of course, my dear girl, you see your way?"

"Yes," she said, quickly; "I see my way."

The captain drew a little nearer to her, with eager curiosity expressed in every line of his vagabond face.

"Go on," he said, in an anxious whisper; "pray go on."

She looked out thoughtfully into the gathering darkness without answering, without appearing to have heard him. Her lips closed, and her clasped hands tightened mechanically round her knees.

"There is no disguising the fact," said Captain Wragge, warily rousing her into speaking to him. "The son is harder to deal with than the father—"

"Not in my way," she interposed, suddenly.

"Indeed!" said the captain. "Well! they say there is a short cut to every thing, if we only look long enough to find it. You have looked long enough, I suppose; and the natural result has followed—you have found it."

"I have not troubled myself to look; I have found it without looking."

"The deuce you have!" cried Captain Wragge, in great perplexity. "My dear girl, is my view of your present position leading me altogether astray? As I understand it, here is Mr. Noel Vanstone in possession of your fortune and your sister's, as his father was—and determined to keep it, as his father was?"

"Yes."

"And here are you—quite helpless to get it by persuasion; quite helpless to get it by law—just as resolute in his case as you were in his father's to take it by stratagem in spite of him?"

"Just as resolute? Not for the sake of the fortune—mind that! For the sake of the right."

"Just so. And the means of coming at that right, which were hard with the father—who was not a miser—are easy with the son, who is?"

"Perfectly easy."

"Write me down an Ass for the first time in my life!" cried the captain, at the end of his patience. "Hang me if I know what you mean!"

She looked round at him for the first time—looked him straight and steadily in the face.

"I will tell you what I mean," she said; "I mean to marry him."

Captain Wragge started up on his knees, and stopped on them, petrified by astonishment.

"Remember what I told you," said Magdalen, looking away from him again. "I have lost all care for myself. I have only one end in life now, and the sooner I reach it—and die—the better. If—" She stopped, altered her position a little, and pointed with one hand to the fast-ebbing stream beneath her, gleaming dim in the darkening twilight—"if I had been what I once was, I would have thrown myself into that river sooner than do what I am going to do now. As it is, I trouble myself no longer; I weary my mind with no more schemes. The short way, and the vile way, lies before me. I take it, Captain Wragge—and marry him."

"Keeping him in total ignorance of who you are?" said the captain, slowly rising to his feet, and slowly moving round so as to see her face. "Marrying him as my niece—Miss Bygrave?"

"As your niece, Miss Bygrave."

"And after the marriage—?" His voice faltered as he began the question, and he left it unfinished.

"After the marriage," she said, "I shall stand in no further need of your assistance."

The captain stooped as she gave him that answer, looked close at her, and suddenly drew back without uttering a word. He walked away some paces, and sat down again doggedly on the grass. If Magdalen could have seen his face in the dying light, his face would have startled her. For the first time, probably, since his boyhood Captain Wragge had changed color. He was deadly pale.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked. "Perhaps you are waiting to hear what terms I have to offer? These are my terms. I pay all our expenses here; and when we part, on the day of the marriage, you take a farewell gift away with you of two hundred pounds. Do you promise me your assistance on those conditions?"

"What am I expected to do?" he asked, with a furtive look at her, and a sudden distrust in his voice.

"You are expected to preserve my assumed character and your own," she answered; "and you are to prevent any inquiries of Mrs. Lecount's from discovering who I really am. I ask no more. The rest is my responsibility, not yours."

"I have nothing to do with what happens—at any time or in any place—after the marriage?"

"Nothing whatever."

"I may leave you at the church door, if I please?"

"At the church door, with your fee in your pocket."

"Paid from the money in your own possession?"

"Certainly! How else should I pay it?"

Captain Wragge took off his hat, and passed his handkerchief over his face with an air of relief.

"Give me a minute to consider it," he said.

"As many minutes as you like," she rejoined, reclining on the bank in her former position, and returning to her former occupation of tearing up the tufts of grass and flinging them out into the air.

The captain's reflections were not complicated by any unnecessary divergencies, from the contemplation of his own position to the contemplation of Magdalen's. Utterly incapable of appreciating the injury done her by Frank's infamous treachery to his engagement—an injury which had severed her, at one cruel blow, from the aspiration which, delusion though it was, had been the saving aspiration of her life—Captain Wragge accepted the simple fact of her despair just as he found it, and then looked straight to the consequences of the proposal which she had made to him.

In the prospect *before* the marriage he saw nothing more serious involved than the practice of a deception, in no important degree different—except in the end to be attained by it—from the deceptions which his vagabond life had long since accustomed him to contemplate and to carry out. In the prospect *after* the marriage he dimly discerned, through the ominous darkness of the future, the lurking phantoms of Terror and Crime, and the black gulfs behind them of Ruin and Death. A man of boundless audacity and resource within his own mean limits, beyond those limits the captain was as deferentially submissive to the majesty of the law as the most harmless man in existence; as cautious in looking after his own personal safety as the veriest coward that ever walked the earth. But one serious question now filled his mind. Could he, on the terms proposed to him, join the conspiracy against Noel Vanstone up to the point of the marriage, and then withdraw from it, without risk of involving himself in the consequences which his experience told him must certainly ensue?

Strange as it may seem, his decision in this emergency was mainly influenced by no less a person than Mr. Noel Vanstone himself. The captain might have resisted the money-offer which Magdalen had made to him—for the profits of the Entertainment had filled his pockets with more than three times two hundred pounds. But the prospect of dealing a blow in the dark at the man who had estimated his information and himself at the value of a five-pound note proved too much for his caution and his self-control. On the small neutral ground of self-importance the best men and the worst meet on the same terms. Captain Wragge's indignation when he saw the answer to his advertisement stooped to no retrospective estimate of his own conduct: he was as deeply offended, as sincerely angry, as if he had made a perfectly honorable proposal, and had been rewarded for it by a personal insult. He had been too full of his own grievance to keep it out of his first letter to Magdalen. He had more or less forgotten himself on every subsequent occasion when Noel Vanstone's name was mentioned. And in now finally deciding the course he should take, it is not too much to say that the motive of money receded, for the first time in his life, into the second place, and the motive of malice carried the day.

"I accept the terms," said Captain Wragge, getting briskly on his legs again. "Subject, of course, to the conditions agreed on between us. We part on the wedding-day. I don't ask where you go: you don't ask where I go. From that time forth we are strangers to each other."

Magdalen rose slowly from the mound. A hopeless depression, a sullen despair, showed itself in her look and manner. She refused the captain's offered hand; and her tones, when she answered him, were so low that he could hardly hear her.

"We understand each other," she said; "and we can now go back. You may introduce me to Mrs. Lecount to-morrow."

"I must ask a few questions first," said the captain, gravely. "There are more risks to be run in this matter, and more pitfalls in our way, than you seem to suppose. I must know the whole history of your morning call on Mrs. Lecount before I put you and that woman on speaking terms with each other."

"Wait till to-morrow," she broke out, impatiently. "Don't madden me by talking about it to-night."

The captain said no more. They turned their faces toward Aldborough, and walked slowly back.

By the time they reached the houses night had overtaken them. Neither moon nor stars were visible. A faint noiseless breeze, blowing from the land, had come with the darkness. Magdalen paused on the lonely public walk to breathe the air more freely. After a while she turned her face from the breeze, and looked out toward the sea. The immeasurable silence of the calm waters, lost in the black void of night, was awful. She stood looking into the darkness, as if its mystery had no secrets for her—she advanced toward it slowly, as if it drew her by some hidden attraction into itself.

"I am going down to the sea," she said to her companion. "Wait here, and I will come back."

He lost sight of her in an instant—it was as if the night had swallowed her up. He listened, and counted her footsteps by the crashing of them on the shingle in the deep stillness. They retreated slowly, farther and farther away into the night. Suddenly the sound of them ceased. Had she paused on her course? or had she reached one of the strips of sand left bare by the ebbing tide?

He waited and listened anxiously. The time passed, and no sound reached him. He still listened with a growing distrust of the darkness. Another moment, and there came a sound from the invisible shore. Far and faint from the beach below, a long cry moaned through the silence. Then all was still once more.

In sudden alarm he stepped forward to descend to the beach and to call her. Before he could cross the path footsteps rapidly advancing caught his ear. He waited an instant and the figure of a man passed quickly along the walk between him and the sea. It was too dark to discern any thing of the stranger's face; it was only possible to see that he was a tall man, as tall as that officer in the merchant service whose name was Kirke.

The figure passed on northward and was instantly lost to view. Captain Wragge crossed the path, and advancing a few steps down the beach stopped and listened again. The crash of footsteps on the shingle caught his ear once more. Slowly as the sound had left him that sound now came back. He called to guide her to him. She came on till he could just see her—a shadow ascending the shingly slope, and growing out of the blackness of the night.

"You alarmed me," he whispered, nervously. "I was afraid something had happened. I heard you cry out, as if you were in pain."

"Did you?" she said, carelessly. "I *was* in pain. It doesn't matter—it's over now."

Her hand mechanically swung something to and fro as she answered him. It was the little white silk bag which she had always kept hidden in her bosom up to this time. One of the relics which it held—one of the relics which she had not had the heart to part with before—was gone from its keeping forever. Alone on a strange shore, she had torn from her the fondest of her virgin memories, the dearest of her virgin hopes. Alone on a strange shore, she had taken the lock of Frank's hair from its once-treasured place, and had cast it away from her to the sea and the night.

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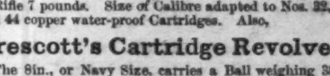

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